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HISTORICAL SKETCHES

OF

THE OLD PAINTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

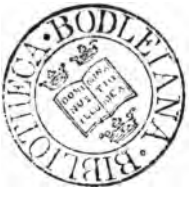
"THREE EXPERIMENTS OF LIVING;" "LIFE AND TIMES OF MARTIN LUTHER;"
"THE LOG-CABIN; OR, THE WORLD BEFORE YOU," ETC.

STEREOTYPE EDITION.

LONDON:
JOHN CHAPMAN, 8, KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND.

M.DCCC.LVIII.

210. m. 245.


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"Is not, then, the Art
Godlike?—a humble branch of the divine,
In visible quest of immortality,
Stretched forth with trembling hope?"

HISTORICAL SKETCHES

OF

THE OLD PAINTERS.

APELLES AND PROTOGENES.

"Is Protogenes at home?" inquired a young man, as he entered the painting-room of the artist.

"No, master," replied an old woman, who was seated near a panel prepared for painting. "No, master; he has gone forth to breathe the fresh air; and much does he need it after toiling here all day. It is his custom, at the approach of evening, to go down to the sea-shore, and sniff the breezes that come skimming over the water from the Grecian Isles."

"Is he then so laborious?" said the stranger.

"Ay, to be sure he is. They say he is determined to excel Apelles of Cos. Be that as it may, he never thinks his pictures are *finished;* but it is no business of mine, else I might say life is too short, to spend three or four years in lingering, still unsatisfied, over the same picture."

"Thy life does not seem to have been a short one, mother," said the stranger, examining the lines of care and sorrow, which had strongly marked a face that might once have been handsome.

She looked earnestly at him without replying.

"I have urgent business with Protogenes," said the stranger.

"Very well; leave your name, and fix the time when you will come again. You cannot fail of finding him at home, when the sun gets above yonder loop-hole, and that is about the tenth hour in the morning."

The stranger drew a small tablet from under his robe, and seemed to be about inscribing his name; suddenly he approached the panel, and, taking a pencil, which lay near, drew simply a line. As he looked up, he perceived the old woman looking intently upon it.

"Look, mother," said he, smiling, "canst thou read that name?"

She fixed on him a steady look. "My eyes," replied she, "are dim with age, and I never was taught your Greek letters; but I can read thy face."

"And what dost thou read there?"

"That which my master is seeking—*truth*."

"Dost thou think I am looking for it at the bottom of a well?" said the stranger, smiling.

"Ah," replied she, changing at once her air and manner into one of wild sublimity, "thou art not born to look *down* for it, but *up, up!*" and she raised her hand, and pointed upwards.

"Art thou a soothsayer, good mother?" said the youth, with reverence.

"Who," replied she, with solemnity, "that has lived to see the raven hair turn to snow; who, that has watched the sapling as it grew into the sturdy oak, and has beheld generation after generation swept away; who, that has seen all this, and yet stands blasted and alone, is not a soothsayer? Ay, young master, age and sorrow have the gift of reading the future by the sad past."

"Thou canst number many years?" said the youth, inquiringly.

She shook her head. "I have outlived all that," said she. "I count not by years. I know not how many times the winter has come round; life has been one long winter to me."

"May I ask," said the stranger, with increasing interest, "if you are a Greek?"

"I am of no nation; of no country," replied she; "I was once a Persian."

The stranger at once comprehended that she might have been torn as a captive from her native land (for the bloody laurels of Asia were yet fresh upon Alexander's young brow), and he hastily changed a subject which seemed to awaken such bitterly painful feelings.

"My errand to Rhodes was to see Protogenes," said he; "I cannot depart without an interview."

The old woman arose, and, going towards the lattice, looked at the sun as it was fast sinking into the ocean. "He will be here directly, if you will have a brief patience," said she. This information rather seemed to hasten the youth away, for he immediately disappeared.

When Protogenes returned, the old woman said to him, "There has been a stranger inquiring for the master of the house."

"What name did he leave?" said Protogenes.

"That I may not say," replied she; "but he has written it there."

Protogenes drew near, and looked earnestly at the line; suddenly taking the pencil, he drew another under it.

"He is well acquainted with the name of Protogenes," said the woman; "it needs not to be written. He will be here to-morrow at the tenth hour."

"I shall not be at home at that hour," replied the master; "when he comes, show him this," and he pointed to the second line.

The next morning, as the old woman saw Protogenes go out, "Ah, well," she exclaimed, "how can age calculate upon

the caprice of youth? I could have sworn this was an hour he would be at home."

Again the stranger made his appearance. "It is not my fault," said she, "that Protogenes seeks the morning air; but he has written his name under thine."

The stranger stood before the panel, and gazed attentively upon it. Then, seizing another pencil, he drew a third line.

"Father Zoroaster!" exclaimed the old woman, with horror, "thou has written thy name in blood!"

"Nay, good mother," said the youth, "it is written with such a pencil as serves Protogenes; look, I found it here, and here I leave it."

The emotion of the old woman subsided. "That is true," replied she. "I am old and failing, and sometimes everything around me seems written in characters of blood. I have seen that of my country and kindred flowing in rivers! Well may I shudder, even at the sign of it."

"It would seem," said the stranger, "that thou hast suffered much."

"More than I may care to repeat to thee," returned she. "Would that the fountains of memory were sealed for ever! My husband—my children—all, all slaughtered! and I left alone—*alone!* Stranger, dost thou understand that word? Dost thou know what it is to be alone? To feel that thou hast no kindred in this breathing world; to have the fountains of affection rushing back upon thy own heart, and pressing upwards towards the brain; to have no living soul with whom thou canst hold communion; no worshipper of thy own faith? this is to be alone!"

"Methinks, good mother," said the stranger, soothingly, "thou hast found friends. Protogenes is said to be gentle and humane."

"Yes," replied she with bitterness, "I have found a home, among the enemies of our worship; among those who have burnt our temples and murdered our priests!"

"If I understand rightly thy religion, thy God is everywhere," said the stranger.

"Most true," she returned. "I ascended the highest eminence in Rhodes, to catch the first glimpse of his rising beam. O, how gladly do I behold him in the far east! No, they cannot hide his face from the true worshipper. Angels, who surround his throne, and the new-born babe, are alike baptized in his glorious rays. His beneficence extends over the universe; and he writes the great lesson of universal love through every nation; for he irradiates even the enemies of his worship. It is a boast of the people of this island, that never a day passes that he does not shine down in unclouded brightness, at least for one entire hour, on their fair hills and valleys."

"Tell me, mother, what may I call thy name?" said the stranger.

"I tell thee, I have no nation and no name," replied she, wildly. "When I was young, and had smiling babes around me, they called me Zara."

"Farewell!" said the youth, as he quitted the dwelling.

Protogenes returned immediately after his visitor had departed.

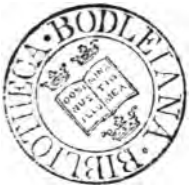
He again approached the panel, and observed the new character inscribed there.

"It is he!" he exclaimed; "I knew it could be no other!"

"It is not well," said the old woman, "to have thy panel thus defaced;" and she took up a piece of pumice-stone, with the intention of erasing the lines.

"Not for a thousand worlds," exclaimed the artist, motioning her away, while he stood gazing, as if enraptured; "it will go down to posterity!" * "Woman, if all the treasures of

* Pliny, who relates this story, says he saw the fragment on which were drawn these lines; that it was consumed in the fire that destroyed the Emperor's palace. Probably they were slight sketches rather than simple straight lines. In the latter case, it would be entirely incomprehensible to us; while how distinctly the glorious imprint of genius may be stamped upon


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"I know not what its ancient name may have been," replied Apelles; "but while I behold these beautiful roses entwining around every portico and column, I can only think of the sweet name familiar to me. I agree with thee, however, that it is a bright gem on the bosom of our fair isle-studded sea."

"How does it compare with thy native Cos?" said Protogenes, as they walked, arm in arm, back to his dwelling.

"Thou knowest," replied Apelles, "that island is small, compared to this, though it has the honour of being mentioned by Homer; its soil is excellent, and it is sheltered from the winds by high mountains. It is subject to earthquakes, and we tremble lest it should one day be destroyed. But the glory of Cos is the temple of Æsculapius, which is daily filled with offerings from those who have been restored by the healing art, or by those who are still seeking aid."

"I have heard much of the fame of your Hippocrates," said Protogenes. "Hast thou ever thyself beheld him, or was his departure from this upper-light before thy childhood's years were sufficiently advanced to know and note the venerable sage?"

"Indeed do I remember him well," replied Apelles; "though the recollection of his silvery locks, whitened by more than a hundred winters, his noble brow, the beautiful benignity of his countenance, and the undimmed cheerfulness of his disposition, attesting well the excellence of his system for the preservation of health, form one of the earliest, as well as strongest, images impressed on my memory. He has formed a new school, adopting what was excellent in his great predecessors, and adding to it from the inexhaustible stores of his own mind, which was continually engaged in useful discoveries. He received from his father Heraclides, the elements of the sciences, and soon became convinced that, to comprehend particular diseases, it was necessary to under-

stand the general principles that govern all nature. His great principle is to assist past experience by extensive observation, and to rectify theory by practice. I use his own words. Our most enlightened men, and those who understand his superiority by their own merit, pronounce him the first of human beings, and are convinced that his system will be life and health to posterity."

"If this conviction prove true," replied Protogenes, "the little island of Cos Meropis (the name by which, if I remember rightly, it is spoken of by Homer), is more favoured by the production of a man who has thus served the cause of humanity, than Macedonia, as the birth-place of Alexander."

In such conversation, the friends continued until they reached the dwelling of Protogenes. It was a humble but sweet abode, where everything seemed to indicate extreme poverty, though ennobled by refinement and taste, and by that indescribable spirit of intellectual superiority over the poor trifles of this world's wealth. On entering, they found Zara had prepared an entertainment of figs, grapes, and dates, with such other fruits as the climate produced, all ornamented with fragrant and blooming roses.

No other ornament was attempted in the humble apartment, but a single picture suspended on the wall. It represented a hound, panting with the fatigues of the chase. It was immediately observed, and its rare merit generously appreciated by Apelles.

"That hound is indeed an inimitable production of thy pencil, for I cannot mistake it for that of any other. The gleam of his eye seems almost to flash a ray forth from the picture, and the deep panting of his broad chest might seem almost to swell and sink from the surface of the canvass, as I gaze upon it. But especially that foam about the mouth, and fleckering his chest, appears to me the last perfection of art, in the imitation of nature."

"That picture hangs there, devoted to the goddess Fortune," replied the host: "since to her is chiefly due the merit which thou honourest with praise, so flattering from thy lips. I had exhausted upon it all my poor art, and longer labour than I care to tell, and the body of the dog may perhaps, indeed, be entitled to the credit of minute accuracy. It is the portrait of an old favourite, once the sole companion of my rambles by the shore, as he was the sole friend of my poverty. But upon the mouth I had expended all in vain, and at last gave it up in despair; and, in the rage of the moment, dashed my sponge upon it, with perhaps an impious exclamation against my hard fortune, when, behold! that random and desperate stroke scattered my colours as thou seest there, and produced the crowning result to which I confess my own skill was inadequate. Thou wilt not, therefore, wonder that I prize the picture as something more than a curiosity, nor impute to an idle vanity the conspicuous position in which it is placed. And who shall question the omnipotence, in all human affairs, of the divinity to whom, as almost a miracle of her own. I hold it sacred?"

"Who shall, indeed?" rejoined Apelles. "Least of all, shall I dispute her claims to our adoration, time-hallowed as they are; especially when I behold, in the career of my magnificent patron, the glorious Alexander (who might well be termed her spoiled child), so signal an evidence of her power over empires and millions, as well as over the humble details of our every-day life. I perceive that our good mother," he continued, pleasantly, "though not by nativity, is, at least by nature, a daughter of your isle of roses," glancing, as he spoke, at the rich profusion with which the table was covered, and alluding to their former conversation.

Zara was just quitting the apartment, but she turned round and said, emphatically, "No, I *was* once *a Persian.*"

"Touch not that string," exclaimed Protogenes, in a low

voice. "There are subjects upon which her mind is unsettled, and she imagines herself, like the Oracle of Delphi, *inspired.*"

She evidently overheard the observation; for she exclaimed, with solemnity, "Affliction brings us near to the gods!"

"Leave us, good mother," said Protogenes; and Zara departed.

"She is a Persian," as she says, continued the artist, "and a devout worshipper of nature, the principle of which she believes to be fire, elicited from the sun; but, like the rest of the Persians, her religion is strangely mixed up with wild oriental fancies. If thou wilt take the trouble to climb yonder hill before the day-break to-morrow, thou mayest witness her *morning soobh* (morning prayer); for there is her worship performed."

After they had concluded their simple repast, they repaired to the study of the artist. "I part with thee no more," said Protogenes, "while thy foot rests on our Asteria."

There the artists enjoyed that communion which belongs to the truly great and good. No base envy mingled with the admiration they felt for each other. Apelles was eager to point out wherein Protogenes excelled him; but frankly told him that in one respect he was his inferior—that of not knowing when to take his hand from his paintings.

"The touches of true genius," said Apelles, "are never elaborate. Many a noble painting is spoiled by being overworked."

The next morning Apelles remembered Zara's place of worship, where rose the temple of Minerva, and long before the light dawned, he was seated on the steps of the temple. In a few moments he perceived her coming. She was dressed in the costume of her country: a large shawl, like a turban, on her head, and a short loose garment, like a shirt, a

vest girt with a sash, and sandals on her feet. She ascended the hill with a slow, languid step; yet her air was still noble and commanding.

Apelles went forward to assist her. "The animating principle is faint within me," said she: "it will be kindled when the God of Day arises." Slowly they walked forward to the summit of the mountain. When they reached the top, Zara turned towards the east, and bowed three times to the ground.

The beautiful Grecian temple stood below, with its simple columns of white marble; and lower down were interspersed Doric buildings, palaces with their superb colonnades, and splendid façades. Beyond these, the quay spread into the broad ocean, whose waves rolled heavily towards the shore. The celebrated Colossus, now always associated with the name of the island, was not yet in existence, though it was erected but a few years afterwards. Nothing was in motion but the slight morning breeze, whose cold freshness scarce displaced a single lock of the long flowing curls of the young man, and the never-resting billows, whose hollow voices were borne only faintly and at intervals up to the height at which they stood together.

How deep and solemn seemed the repose of nature! Suddenly the worshipper, in a clear, musical voice, began her morning hymn. At first the chant was low and indistinct; at length she broke forth in a wild and triumphant strain, her voice gathering fulness as she proceeded.

THE HYMN OF THE FIRE-WORSHIPPER.

Valley and hill, forest and mount,
Ocean and rill, river and fount,
Awake! Awake!
He comes, the God of the streaming ray!
With his glance to chase the clouds away—
They break! They break!

Lo, how they flame in the eastern sky,
As they feel and shrink from that burning eye!
That eye! That eye!
As a routed host, all wildly rolled,
Scattered and tossed, in their robes of gold,
They fly! They fly!

Ocean and land the pæan sing,
With the angel-band,* round the Fire-king—
His throne! His throne!
Lo, from the deep abyss of night,
The first warm beam of his radiant might!
The sun! The sun!

That ray divine we low adore;
Thrice thus to earth, its path before,
I kneel! I kneel!
Our life burned low, through the night's dark hour;
But the glorious glow, and the quick'ning power,
I feel! I feel!

As her voice attained its highest pitch, the sun rose in majestic splendour from the ocean.

Thrice Zara prostrated herself before the globe of fire, uttering low and unintelligible sounds. Then turning to Apelles, she said, "My morning worship is over; let us return." With a celerity wholly incompatible with her apparent age, she descended the hill. Apelles did not immediately follow; he watched her rapid progress, the free use of her limbs, the seeming elastic vigour of her motion, and he said, "The divinity stirs within her! I too should be almost tempted to become a fire-worshipper, had not the philosophy of the sages taught me that He who created the glorious sun must be greater than the sun itself."

While he stood gazing, the rays of the splendid luminary had marked its golden path across the ocean, and were burnishing the towers, hill-tops, and woods. The numerous vessels, which lay apparently sleeping in the harbour, were,

* Goethe, in describing the worship of the ancient Persians, says, "*Dort glaubten sie den Thron Gottes, von Engeln umfunkelt, zu erblicken.*"

one after another, in motion. The Greeks came forth from their dwellings, and all was like the renewal of life. Slowly Apelles descended the hill. When he reached the house of his friend, he found he had just arisen. Zara had thrown aside her Persian robes, and, with them, her enthusiastic manner, which was only occasionally roused, and assumed the usual dress of the Greek women of her age and situation.

It was soon rumoured in Rhodes that Apelles was there; and the inhabitants of rank and high birth, as well as the lower classes of citizens, all assembled to pay honour to the favourite of Alexander, and the most famous painter of the age; for by both titles was he already distinguished.

Protogenes, while he allowed the transcendent merit of Apelles, felt hurt that his own paintings had excited so little applause. Apelles perceived his emotion, and said, "It is not Apelles, the painter, they honour, but Apelles, the friend of Alexander."

He mixed familiarly with the Rhodians, and strove to make them understand the real excellence of his friend's pictures, at the same time admitting that he injured them by over-working.

"I perfectly agree with you," said a conceited young artist. "I have always avoided this elaborate style. I like a quick and rapid touch. Pray do me the favour to come with me to my study." Apelles, with his usual courtesy, accompanied him. He had just completed a large, gaudy picture. "This," said the painter, "I consider an original; the style and manner are wholly my own." Apelles was silent, and the young man began to imagine he was struck dumb with admiration. "I completed this," said he, "in one month, I do assure you, and I can bring vouchers for it."

"There needs none," replied Apelles; "I should think you might have painted many such in that time."

The false taste which prevailed among the Rhodians was

one reason why they underrated the severe and accurate paintings of Protogenes. He used only four different colours, and they preferred the works of Anaxis, an ordinary painter, who made much more showy pictures."

Inflated with undeserved admiration, he affected to look with contempt on the pictures of Protogenes: the decided manner and pedantic terms of art which he used, were calculated to impose on the ignorant. He had exerted all his skill to complete a Helen that he was painting, before Apelles took his departure. He had probably outdone himself; for he had loaded her not only with jewels, but with gilding. "What do you think of my Helen?" said the artist, with a self-satisfied air. "I think," replied Apelles, "if you have not made her beautiful, you have at least made her rich."

A few days before Apelles was to take his departure from Rhodes, it was understood that he would offer a picture for sale at one of the public halls. It was called Ialysus, and the name is all that remains of it to posterity.

Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm that prevailed; every wealthy citizen was eager to possess it, and they were all ready to outbid each other, to the most extravagant amounts. Apelles was beloved for the urbanity of his manner, his graceful and easy conversation; and the Rhodians were dazzled by the high honours conferred on him by Alexander. The picture was exhibited, and they were enchanted with it: so great was the contest, that at length it was decided that it should be purchased by the community, and retained as public property. When a sum was offered, adequate to what Apelles conceived was its value, he said, "It is but justice to Protogenes to inform you that this picture is painted by him." A general murmur was heard. "It is the painting of Apelles that we want: we will not have it."

"Be it so," said Apelles; "I take you at your word, and purchase this picture for Alexander, who commissioned me to secure for him one of the artist's, whose greatness is known

abroad, though it be not appreciated at home. But I have the honour of Rhodes so much at heart, that I would willingly have allowed this to remain here, to prove that it possesses one who, in many respects, is the greatest painter in the world."

When they found that Alexander was to be the purchaser, the picture rose tenfold in value, and they claimed it as a right.

Apelles took much pains to point out to them the beauty of the paintings of Protogenes, and to give them just notions of the noble art.

All this produced its effect. Protogenes was now solicited to furnish them with another picture at the same price as the former one, and applications poured in upon him: he saw wealth and honour before him. "How much gratitude I owe you!" said he to his friend.

"You must not attribute what I have done," said Apelles, "to my friendship for Protogenes, but to my reverence for the art. At Cos I beheld one of your pictures, and it filled me with admiration: when I inquired for the artist, I was told that he lived at Rhodes, poor and unknown, and I resolved to visit you. I was astonished to find, that, in this state of the arts, the tinsel of common painters could be preferred to such just and noble execution as yours. The favour of Alexander has given me importance in the eyes of the world. This favour I would make a means of usefulness, and for this purpose I came to Rhodes with the hope of ennobling my profession. The true essence of greatness and success consists in disinterested devotion to that to which one applies himself. Let us aim at truth and excellence, and commit the care of our fame to posterity. To-morrow I quit you, but I leave you with the gods, who are the friends of the virtuous."

"Both the origin and progress of our art," said Protogenes, "is worthy the exercise of human thought. I have

sometimes believed it must have come by divine inspiration."

"You are undoubtedly right," replied Apelles; "all that partakes of the divine comes by inspiration; but, probably, the first mechanical attempts little resembled the art as it is now. The earliest accounts of it are during the reign of Ninus and Semiramis, king and queen of Assyria. About two thousand years ago, we are told that Semiramis threw a bridge over the Euphrates, and erected a castle at each end, the walls of which were painted not only with single figures and animals, but on one side with a hunting-piece, where the queen was represented throwing her dart at a panther, and near her Ninus striking a lion to the earth with his spear. There is mention made of painting in Egypt too, about the same time; but sculpture in both countries was more assiduously cultivated, as serving religious purposes better. But they certainly arrived at no great perfection, as they made no progress for one thousand years. It is not for us, however, to depreciate their attempts, since it is to Egypt that we owe the introduction of both the arts into Greece."

"It does not appear," said Protogenes, "that painting had been introduced in the time of Homer; he makes no mention of it."

"I grant you," replied Apelles, "that the mechanical art had not been introduced; but the inspiration was there. Who was ever a greater painter than Homer? Take the meeting between Hector and Andromache, the description of the terror of the child at the nodding plumes and glittering crest."

"But this is poetry."

"True; and painting is poetry. A painter draws first in his own mind the image he would represent on his tablet."

"What do you suppose," said Protogenes, "were the subjects of the embroideries of Andromache, Helen, and Penelope? Think you, Helen, with her beautiful figures and

many-coloured threads, did not preserve a stolen portrait of Paris?"

"I perceive," replied Apelles, "you are drawing pictures from Homer. But Zeuxis was the first who designed them mechanically. From the poet he drew his heroes."

"It was Zeuxis, I think," said Protogenes, "who painted the grapes so naturally that the birds came and pecked at them."

"Yes," replied Apelles, "and when Pharrasius, the rival artist, produced *his* picture, you know they asked him to withdraw the curtain; which proved to be the painting itself. The magnanimity of Zeuxis always pleased me more than his skill. He acknowledged himself surpassed, since he had only deceived birds, but Pharrasius men."

"It has always appeared to me, however," said Protogenes, "that he rather despised the judgment of the public; for, after they had applauded his picture of the boy carrying the basket of fruit at which the birds came and pecked, he said, 'Had the boy been as well painted as the fruit, they would not have dared to touch it.'"

"The merry old fellow laughed himself to death at a portrait he had drawn of an old woman," said Apelles. "But this is the mere gossip of painting; we may draw useful lessons from the excessive vanity of artists. Zeuxis was weak enough to have his name embroidered in letters of gold upon the border of his robe, when he appeared at the Olympic games; and Pharrasius wore a tunic of royal purple, and a golden garland, and declared himself descended from Apollo."

As they spoke, they had, arm in arm, wandered towards the high parts of the city, which overlooked the sea. Here they first observed that dark heavy clouds were rolling towards them, and the winds seemed rushing on like a tornado: while they gazed, they beheld Zara at a distance. Her appearance was striking; she was clad in her Persian costume, but her

head was bare, and her long white locks streamed in the wind; her vest was thrown open, and her whole air was that of a maniac.

On seeing her, Protogenes exclaimed, "See yonder our good mother! She has on her divining mantle; she is ever unsettled when the clouds look black and threatening." "No wonder," replied Apelles; "they obscure her divinity." At that moment the thunder burst in loud peals. "She does not, like us," continued the artist, "see him in the clouds, and hear his voice in the thunder." They hastened towards her. When she saw them approach, she exclaimed, "Get ye to the high mountains; wo and desolation is over the city. The waters of heaven are let loose! Wo! wo!" "Good Zara," said Protogenes, "hie thee home, the storm is coming." "Yes, it is coming," she exclaimed, "I hear its voice; it mingles with the dashing of the seas of blood!" In vain they tried to arrest her; she rushed through the streets, crying, "Wo! wo! my hour is come!"

Suddenly the clouds seemed to be rent asunder; torrents of rain and hail descended; the wind swept along with frightful fury; they distinguished the crashing of timber and the shrieks of human voices; the friends flung themselves prostrate upon the earth, and clung to each other. In a short time all the lower part of the city, which was built in the form of an amphitheatre, was inundated; the pipes, which would have conducted the water to the ocean, had been neglected, and were closed up; thousands were drowned before they could reach the higher ground. All at once, the walls burst, and the waters rushed towards the ocean, bearing with them hundreds of dead and living bodies. The clouds seemed to have exhausted their fury, and the whirlwind subsided. The friends looked down on the desolation below. The lower part of the city was in ruins; houses destroyed, and the noblest specimens of the arts laid prostrate. The dwelling of Protogenes had escaped destruction; they re-

paired to it; Zara was not there; they sought her in vain; and, as her remains could not be found, they concluded she had been swept into the waters of the ocean.

Apelles remained with his friend till the first consternation was over, and then sailed for Cos. Here he did not long continue; but was summoned to Macedonia, to take the portrait of his royal master. Apelles selected the moment when the Emperor was reining in his noble and fiery steed Bucephalus, whom the monarch boasted no one had ever mounted but himself. Alexander was not perfectly satisfied with the horse. Apelles requested that Bucephalus might be brought, that he might be compared with his representative. So soon as Bucephalus beheld the painting, he neighed loudly to it: "O King," said the painter, "your horse is a better judge of painting than yourself."

The observation of Apelles, which afterwards became a proverb, has often been related, in connection with the criticism of the shoemaker upon a sandal, in one of the artist's paintings. The cobbler said it was incorrect in form, and gave his reasons. Apelles admitted their justice, and thanked him for his remarks. Elated with his success, the shoemaker proceeded to criticise the leg: "Keep to your trade," said Apelles; "your judgment goes no higher than the sandal."

One of the most celebrated pictures of Apelles, was of Venus rising from the ocean. It was placed in the temple of Diana, at Ephesus. Of the inscription on this painting the following translation will convey an imperfect idea:—

> The waves divide, and from the foaming ocean
> Fair Venus starts at once to life and motion!
> With roseate hand her humid locks she wrings,
> And from her tresses many a dew-drop springs;
> While gazing at the beauteous vision there,
> Her rival sisters own themselves less fair;
> Yet cry, tenacious still of beauty's field,
> "'Tis to *Apelles* we the apple yield."

Another celebrated picture was the portrait of Alexander, with a thunder-bolt in his hand. It was so perfectly done, that the hand seemed to be thrust forth from the picture, yet firmly grasping the thunderbolt; which gave rise to the following lines:—

> We own, great Jupiter, thy power divine;
> To hurl the avenging thunder-bolt, is thine!
> But Alexander, whom Apelles moulds,
> In his right hand the avenging thunder *holds*.

This portrait so entirely satisfied the monarch, that he issued a decree forbidding any other artist to attempt his portrait.

Perhaps it was his success in this picture that led Alexander to request Apelles to take a likeness of one of the distinguished beauties of his court, Campaspe, a young slave, of whose charms the ardent young monarch was passionately enamoured. Apelles was unwilling to refuse, and the young girl consented to sit for her picture. Day after day she came, and the artist apparently made but little progress in his work. He was aware that she was destined to grace the court of the monarch. At length, as she one day sat before him, he threw down his palette, and found himself at her feet. Campaspe quickly dropped her veil, and retired without a word: from this time she appeared at the painter's room no more. Alexander remarked that Apelles was silent and abstracted. He one day enquired why there was such delay with the picture of Campaspe.

"Great king," replied Apelles, "wonder not that the beauty which has moved the conqueror of the world, should subdue one of his subjects. You have assigned me a task beyond my powers. I love Campaspe!"

"And what says she to thee?" said Alexander.

"Not a word!" replied Apelles.

The monarch too remained silent. The next day he or-

dered that the portrait should be completed; and again the young beauty appeared in the study of the artist.

When the picture was finished, Apelles presented it to Alexander. "I accept it," said the monarch; "the *picture is mine;* Campaspe *thine.*"

The generous friendship he exhibited towards Protogenes was afterwards of essential benefit to the Rhodians; for when Demetrius, the famous Besieger of Cities, was encamped before their capital, he refused to set fire to a part of the city where was situated the study of the artist, though it would have secured him possession of the city. And afterwards, when the city was taken, his admiration of the painting of Ialysus, mentioned before, obtained for it much more favourable terms than the Rhodians had dared to expect. It is related, that Protogenes was found engaged in painting in his garden, when the troops of Demetrius entered, so absorbed in his occupation as to appear regardless of the tumult around. On being brought before the conqueror, and asked why he exhibited so little concern, amid the general calamity, he replied, "that he understood Demetrius warred with men, not with the arts." The king in return, requested the artist to furnish him with a painting of his own production, and sent him a hundred talents.

It is recorded of Apelles that he never painted on walls, nor anything that could not be saved in a fire. He would have had the works of the best masters carried from one country to another, and could not endure that a picture should have but one master; because painting, he said, "was a common good to all the world."

CIMABUE AND GIOTTO.

On a certain day in the year 1260, the whole city of Florence appeared to be in motion. The roofs of the houses were filled with spectators, the balconies crowded, and the streets thronged. Few seemed to understand exactly what was the occasion. Some said a miracle was to be performed. All were in eager expectation of something strange and wonderful.

At length, the deep solemn chant of the monks was heard, and a long procession of holy fathers appeared in sight. The loud impatience of the populace was now awed into silence, while the monks proceeded along the streets, their heads covered with cowls, and their long black robes giving an unearthly appearance to their figures; yet from the eyes that glanced beneath their dark hoods might be discerned expressions of triumph and exultation; there was none of the misericordia of their usual deportment. It was not like a procession formed for the house of death. They walked with rapid strides, ever and anon looking impatiently behind, and even their hands, instead of being meekly folded on the bosom, had a free motion.

They were on their way to the church St. Maria Novella. Two Italians stood on a small eminence that bordered the Arno; one was of mature age, the other a mere boy, and wore evidently the dress of a shepherd; but what put his occupation beyond doubt, was the crook which he bore, and a large dog by his side, of the race which the Italian peasants use, to watch their flocks.

"Come, come, Giotto," said the oldest, "the day is getting far advanced, the sun strikes the old tower yonder, and we must be about our work; we cannot be idling here."

"Nay, father," said the youngest, "the holy fathers have already arrived at the church, and the triumphal procession will soon follow."

"In truth," said Giacopo, "thou art possessed by thy young master, Cimabue: St. Peter grant it may not be by an evil spirit."

"How canst thou say that, father?" said the boy. "Did he not save my life among the hills, when I lay sleeping, and my faithful Fido was away? Yes, Fido," said the boy, patting the head of the dog, who, hearing his own name, wagged his tail, and licked his master's hand, "when thou wert away; for hadst thou been by, I should not have wanted any body else. Oh, never shall I forget when I first heard the growl of the panther. I woke from my sleep quick enough. There he was, crouched on the crag above, his eyes looking like balls of fire, and only waiting for me to move, to spring upon me: before me was the deep ravine through which the mountain torrent was pouring. I shut my eyes, and prayed to the blessed mother; and then suddenly I heard a loud howl, and in a moment the panther, struggling in the agony of death, came rolling down, crushing the very trees by his weight, and fell headlong into the torrent. Then I breathed, and looked up, and there stood Cimabue, my young master, with his bow still in his hand. Ah, father, can I ever forget that moment?"

"Thou shouldst not, my son," replied the old Giotto; "but thou must not set thy young master above the Virgin Mary and the holy saints; didst thou not say, even now, that thou prayed to the blessed mother? It was she that saved thy life, and put vigour into the arm of Cimabue, and directed the arrow as it sped from the bow."

"And well, father, has he repaid the deed. Ah! thou

wilt see the beautiful picture he has drawn of her; all Florence will see it. Hark, dost thou not hear the sound of cymbals and trumpets? It comes! it comes! On, father, on! Let us to the streets through which it must pass."

They hastened to the *Borgo Allegri*, which took its name from the joyous occasion. The procession advanced. The picture of the Virgin Mary, larger than life, was borne on a triumphal car, by milk-white steeds, with nodding plumes, and harnessed with blooming wreaths. The Tuscan girls preceded it, dressed in white robes, and strewing flowers. Every little while, a bell was rung, and the host elevated. To the joyous acclamations of the multitude that shook the air, profound silence succeeded; every knee was bent: again the bell rung, and all was life and animation. Then came a new procession of priests, with the young choristers bearing their wax candles and consecrated palms, and finally Cimabue himself, the young artist, crowned with the laurel wreath, and followed by the nobles of Florence.

The procession slowly moved toward the church of Maria Novella, and there the Virgin was received by the holy brotherhood with fresh honours, and placed in her new residence. High mass was performed, and the day concluded with feasting and mirth; while, in the evening, the Arno reflected from its glassy bosom, the fire-works which arose with new acclamations from the enthusiastic multitude.

Cimabue was a descendant of the Gondi family, one of the most noble in Florence. They had given a long line of saints to the calendar, and now the last count determined to adorn the family chapel with rich paintings. But where were the artists to be found? Not in Italy. The destructive wars had crushed the arts, and nothing remained worthy of the name. It was necessary to send to Greece for painters. They came, and, however imperfect were their works, fired the genius of the young Cimabue. After studying and becoming familiar in practice and in theory with their manner, he abandoned it

for a better, and, inspired, as he said, "by the blessed Mother herself, who sat to him in her own person," he produced a painting of her to adorn the church dedicated to her worship. It was no sooner beheld, than it was pronounced a miracle. A day was appointed in which it was to be carried to the place of its destination, with divine honours, a portion of which were showered upon the head of the artist.

Encouraged by this success, Cimabue ventured to paint without the immediate patronage or inspiration of the Virgin Mary. He now produced a picture of Christ crucified, with the mother and St. John near; but it is evident his conceptions went far beyond his execution, as he was reduced to the necessity of putting written labels into their mouths, to express the sentiments of the individuals.

Of all his admirers none was more ardent than Giotto, a simple hind, in the duke his father's service; who had been appointed to the honourable office of guarding the flocks among the hills of Tuscany. Cimabue had saved his life; but this was not the only source of his enthusiasm; he had been sometimes admitted to a sight of his paintings, was a worshipper of his Maria at the church Novella, and now might be daily seen in the fields with a piece of chalk in his hand sketching figures on the rocks, while his sheep were grazing near him.

In one of Cimabue's rambles over his paternal domains, he was struck with a drawing of a lamb on one of the smooth rocks. It seemed to him very remarkable; and, inquiring who had made it, he learned that it was Giotto. He immediately sought out the father, and offered to take the boy as a pupil.

Giotto well repaid his instructions. He at once threw off the fetters of the Greeks, with whom the art had been degenerating from the time of Apelles, and who now had little to bestow on the Italians, after having stimulated them to the cultivation of their native powers.

The extreme rapidity with which Giotto advanced in design,

undoubtedly arose from the study of the ancient sculpture, many specimens of which had already been discovered among the ruins of the ancient cities and villas.

His pure taste soon discarded the use of labels. "I must express by my pencil," said he, "what Dante would by words."

This was indeed a difficult task, and imperfectly accomplished; yet he arrived at so much excellence as to be called the pupil of nature, and marked out the path in which the art ought to be pursued. He did not confine himself to painting in fresco (the use of oil was then unknown), but executed figures in mosaic also. One of these is preserved, representing Christ walking on the water, and the disciples in the boat, exhibiting each characteristic signs of fear and amazement. This was afterwards placed over the great entrance to St. Peter's Church at Rome, and is known by the name of "Giotto's Boat."

The devotion and constant deference of Giotto to Cimabue, was a grateful tribute to that noble artist; for the pupil had now far surpassed the master, though always yielding him the attention of a son. Cimabue bequeathed to his young friend the favour of his admiring fellow-citizens, and the friendship of his family.

At that time Dante had just become known as a poet. Between him and Giotto a strict friendship was formed. They might well consider themselves engaged in a common cause; for it is difficult to mark a line of distinction between the two arts of poetry and painting, when their respective operations upon the character are superficially considered. Painting, however, has a tendency to abstract the mind from the causes of popular excitement; while poetry sometimes connects an author with the heart-stirring interests of social life. This was the case with Dante; he was engaged in violent factions, and finally exiled from his native city, Florence. Previously, however, he was one day contemplating Giotto's picture of

St. Francisco, where he represents the various scenes of that saint's life in thirty-two pieces. "I perceive," said he, "you will win immortality."

"Not unless you will secure it to me, by permitting me to paint your portrait," replied the artist.

Dante consented; and it is to Giotto that the world owes the portrait of the illustrious poet.

The fame of the artist could not be confined to Florence. Pope Benedict sent for him to Rome, and employed him in the Vatican, and in St. Peter's Church.*

Clement took him with him to Avignon, where he became acquainted with Petrarch, who resided at Vaucluse, a few miles distant. Poetry and eloquence had then seduced the poet from the dry study of jurisprudence, and prepared his imagination for the absorbing passion of love. That he viewed the fair Laura's indifference with a prophetic eye, the following lines are a proof:—

"My flame, of which thou tak'st so little heed,
And thy high praises poured through all my song,
O'er many a breast may future influence spread:
These, my sweet fair (so warns poetic thought),
Closed thy bright eye and mute thy poet's tongue,
E'en after death shall still with sparks be fraught."

It is to be regretted that Giotto did not take the portrait of Laura, giving her to posterity as Petrarch describes her when he first saw her before those "gay green robes," and the "wreaths she was wont to wear, were thrown by." The honour of painting her portrait was allotted, by the poet, to Simon Memmi, whom he mentions in one or two sonnets, on which Vasari remarks, that "Simon would be more obliged to them for future fame than to all the pictures he ever painted."

* It was he who sent to Florence for an artist, and selected Giotto, on account of the perfection of an O that he drew with so much accuracy that it has passed into an Italian proverb—round as Giotto's O.

"Tu sei piu rundo che l'O di Giotto."

It was certainly a great proof of the accuracy of his hand.

While poetry was in the highest state of intellectual vigour, as is proved by the deathless poem of Dante's Inferno, in which he celebrates Giotto, and by the exquisite sonnets and odes of Petrarch, painting was yet in its childhood. The written labels in the mouths of Cimabue's figures, give an idea of the state of the art in his hands. So, the fact that Masaccio, a century after the death of Giotto, was the first to lay the feet of upright figures flat on the ground, and to introduce foreshortening, is a proof of what degree of progress had been made previously to his time.

While Dante was in exile at Ravenna, he sent to Giotto to join him; when there, he painted several pieces in fresco, for the churches; and on his return to Florence, was sent for by the King of Naples. Soon after his arrival he heard of the death of Dante. He was employed to paint in the chapel of the monastery St. Chiara, which had just been completed. The subjects he selected were scenes from the Old and New Testaments; and many said that his manner of treating his subject was through the inspiration of Dante. He seemed to entertain something of the same idea himself; and it was fully believed that the poet appeared to him in a dream, and suggested the composition. His death took place in 1336, at the age of sixty. He was buried in the church St. Maria del Fiore, at Florence, and the city erected a marble statue over his tomb.

He is said, by historians of the day, to have been the painter of nature; and it is related, among other anecdotes, that, while yet a boy, he was standing by Cimabue, who was finishing the nose of a portrait, and when the master was suddenly called away, painted a fly on it so naturally, that Cimabue, when he returned, attempted to brush it away with his hand.

Many of the painters who succeeded Giotto practised the art creditably, and helped its progress. But Leonardo da Vinci was the first to unite to skill and industry a thorough knowledge of the theory, and the intellectual preparation

which is necessary for high success. He could not be satisfied with imitation only, or mere outward effect. To satisfy him, it was necessary that the latent feelings of the heart should be depicted in the countenance and bearing. How much his own sensibility assisted him in carrying his idea into execution, may easily be understood.

To Cimabue, then, the restoration of the art in Italy is first to be attributed. Masaccio succeeded him after the interval of a century. Many undistinguished names followed, and Leonardo himself at length appeared.

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

Reclined on his couch lay the excellent old Andrea Verocchio.* The dews of death moistened his furrowed and pale forehead; yet his eyes sparkled still with a deep enthusiasm, as he contemplated a picture he had completed for the *religiosi di Valombrosa.* It was the baptism of our Saviour. But it was not the work of his own pencil that he was contemplating: it was the figure of an angel, which his youthful pupil, Leonardo da Vinci, had introduced. He had given it a celestial expression, an ethereal smile, that the master felt was far beyond his own conception.

At that moment his pupil entered. "My son," said he, "I have closed my easel and laid aside my pencil for ever! But not with me expires my art. To thee I bequeath these implements: thou shalt go forward, and thy fame extend over Italy; in thy hands they may accomplish an excellence unknown before; but remember, that in mine they have never been degraded to an unworthy use! Guard them, my son; but, above all, guard thyself!"

Leonardo kissed the emaciated hand which pressed his own. "My more than father," he exclaimed, "thou knowest my imperfections; that I am proud and headstrong, passionate

* Verocchio was a goldsmith or graver, a musician, a geometrician, and a sculptor, before he became a painter. It would seem, from many instances, that the arts were more intimately connected in former times than at present; and yet how many must unite to form the perfect artist! His success in casting was very great. His death (in 1488) is said to have been occasioned by a pleurisy, brought on by the fatigue and anxiety he experienced in casting a brass statue of Bartolomeo de Bergamo.

and easily offended, revengeful, and prone to satirize and caricature. Thou knowest my many faults: thy voice, thy very glance, can subdue my overbearing temper; but, without thee, what am I?"

"My son," said the old man, smiling faintly, "thou must do that for thyself which I cannot do for thee. Thou hast within thee the seeds of great good and great evil. To mature the one, and repress the other, must be the perpetual object of thy own resolute vigilance. I leave thee my precepts, as they have full often been repeated, and my example, such as it has been; and, were I living, I could give thee no more. I know, indeed, thy nature: it is capable of the most glorious efforts; but, beware of the first impulses of every emotion unworthy of it. Why, tell me, wert thou cold, yesterday, when I applauded Perugino's work? Beware of envy!"

The colour of Leonardo rose high, and his eyes sparkled with an unwonted fire. "To that charge, not guilty," he quickly exclaimed. "I looked coldly on the work, because I felt that he had not done his noble subject justice. Envy, at least, has no share in my composition."

"I believe thee," said Andrea; "remember that Perugino has his own merit, thou thine. Seek not to obscure that of each other. Always bear in mind, that it is for the perfection of thy divine art thou art labouring, not for thy own glory. There are many paths to eminence. Observe how multiplied and various are the forms of nature, how endless the realms of imagination. Cultivate a patient and humble temper; be open to reproof, and learn to subdue thy irritable nature. If thou be suffering under the scourge of oppression, or the bitterness of undeserved calumny, profane not the art by low and satirical revenge, which can have no part in a truly great mind. I repeat to thee, use it for no ignoble purposes. Let a pure soul animate thy works. Tread with generous steps the path of fame. Make room for thy compeers, if they over-

take thee, and honour the excellence to which, haply, thou mayest not attain.

"I have been looking at thy work," continued he, "and I confess to thee, Leonardo, that were my life to be prolonged, I would not retouch that picture. I feel that thy gift is beyond mine. I rejoice that it is so. I have cast but a faint light around me; thou wilt illuminate distant regions: yet, remember, thy brightness will not be like the splendour of noon-day, but like the rising beam of the morning, or the mild lustre of the evening sky. Thy powers are various; thou art not born to fill the ideal alone. I perceive in thee the germs of invention and usefulness: cultivate them, my son; narrow not thy path of life; live for thy fellow-men, for thy age; and long after the name of Perugino is forgotten, may that of Leonardo da Vinci be preserved by its own brightness. Virtue creates immortality: genius may emblazon the name of an artist in this lower world; but his virtues find a reward in heaven. Be it yours to live in the praise and blessing of posterity; but look only to another existence for the recompense. My strength is fast failing: I must depart to that land where the good and the true meet again. Thou couldst not desire to detain me here. Farewell! I leave behind me, in thee, a glorious continuation of myself. My mission is finished."

In a few minutes after these his last words, Leonardo's tears fell fast and bitter on the lifeless form of his good old master, as he gently closed his eyes, and signed the holy cross on his venerable forehead. "Yes," he exclaimed, kneeling reverently by his side, "thy prayers shall be fulfilled. I will subdue the evil elements of my nature; and not for myself, but for mankind, will I labour in the divine art which I learned from thee, and of which thy last lesson has now taught me the true spirit; and my reward shall be with thee in heaven."

The Castello di Vinci, situated in the beautiful Val d'Arno,

was the birth-place of Leonardo. He was one of the most accomplished men of his time. His face was fine and intellectual, his figure commanding, his bearing graceful, his air noble and courteous. He was also distinguished for his youthful strength, and skill in all manly exercises, and for his acquaintance with the military science. His voice was clear and musical, his conversation amusing and instructive, while he united a gentle simplicity of manners with politeness and natural dignity. When to this was added his glorious and almost universal genius, it is not strange that he was generally regarded as one of the most remarkable men of his day. He excelled in music, poetry, and belles-lettres. Nor was he less successful in architecture and in sculpture (of which he began the study with his old master Andrea), than in painting; while he cultivated all the sciences of the age, chemistry, anatomy, and mathematics, as subservient to his art.

One peculiarity deserves to be noted, that all his manuscripts, which have been preserved, are written in the oriental manner, from right to left, the reverse of the common usage. It has been conjectured, from observation of his drawings and designs, that he used his left hand instead of his right, as they are all reversed from what is generally found in the works of other artists, whether ancient or modern.

From the time of the death of his master, he made rapid advances in excellence. He cherished his memory with the most reverent affection; he reflected on his lessons, and studied to model himself by his precepts. He examined his own performances with the most jealous and fastidious eye, finding always more to condemn than approve, by the unapproachable standard of his own ideal. He even carried this self-dissatisfaction too far. The higher the perfection he attained in his art, the less was he satisfied with his execution. He thus destroyed a great number of his own performances, especially of his earlier days.

The Duke of Milan, Ludovico Sforza, was anxious to secure

so brilliant an ornament to his court, and was eager in offering inducements to attract Leonardo to a residence in his dominions; who, accordingly, was prevailed upon to leave his native abode near Florence, for that purpose. It is said that the jealousy and suspicion of Michael Angelo, who was just then beginning to rise into distinction, made him the more willing to quit a place where he was hated as a rival. Though both of the artists were of surpassing excellence, their perfections lay in different lines. Leonardo was full of sensibility and imagination; his region was mind; he delighted to express all the pure and exalted emotions of the soul. He was select in his choice of subjects, and unless they were such as to interest his heart, his hand became utterly paralyzed, and he abandoned his attempt. He was sensitive and delicate; but his passions, when excited, were hasty and violent. If Raphael afterwards surpassed him, *he* had the glory of being first in the new path which he struck out.

Michael Angelo, on the other hand, studied strength and sublimity, and affected to look down on the less bold conceptions of Leonardo; meeting his generous advances with coldness, and appearing to avoid any association.

It may readily be imagined that the Duke of Milan welcomed Da Vinci, and loaded him with honours. He prevailed on him to be director of the Academy of Architecture which he had just established. Here, Leonardo soon restored the beautiful simplicity of the Greek and Roman styles. He constructed the famous aqueduct that supplies the city of Milan with water, which goes by the name of Mortesana, and by which the waters of Adda are conducted two hundred miles to the city.

The following anecdote has an interest, as illustrating the wonderful versatility of Leonardo's talent. The painter, the sculptor, the architect, the poet, the man of science and polite literature, the accomplished gentleman and soldier, and dis-

tinguished alike in all, it exhibits him also as remarkably ingenious in the principles and art of mechanics. In 1479, when Louis XII. of France, was to make his entrance into Milan, he constructed an automaton lion, which marched out to meet the king, reared upon its hind legs, and opening its breast, displayed an escutcheon with the arms of France quartered upon it. In the military sports and feats which were performed, Leonardo was unrivalled; and, as a horseman, he excited universal admiration, by the boldness and skill with which he could manage the wildest and most ungovernable steed. Louis greatly coveted the honour of possessing so distinguished an acquisition to his court, and is said to have made him splendid offers; but Leonardo declined them all. Certainly, however, he felt no great friendship for, or sympathy with, the duke, who possessed a countenance expressing low passions, and which could excite in the high-minded artist only aversion and disgust.

There was one also, who was constantly with the duke, who regarded the Florentine with an evil eye: this was the prior of the Dominican convent. Though his words dropped honey, the honey was mingled with gall. His dark, malicious eyes looked slily out from over-hanging eye-brows; his forehead was knit into a thousand wrinkles, and his scornful mouth covered with a bristly red beard; his nose hooked over this frightful mouth, like the beak of some obscene bird; in short, his whole appearance inspired distrust and detestation.

Nothing could exceed the displeasure with which this monk regarded Leonardo; whose abhorrence for so fiend-like a countenance, and contempt for the character of which it was the mirror, were probably hardly concealed. Every honour which the duke conferred upon the artist, he considered an insult to himself, and he determined to hesitate at no means which might accomplish his ruin.

Leonardo soon found himself, at the court of the Duke of

Milan, in a situation wholly uncongenial to his tastes, and a gloom took possession of his mind, which he in vain endeavoured to banish. He sometimes succeeded in the open air, when he was engaged in his mechanical or architectural works; for then the bright and glowing colours of nature spread their own hues over his feelings. The fresh air invigorated his mind; the showers of morning, the dews of the evening, the exhalations of the night, the starry vault of the heavens, all gave impulse to his spirit, and carried him over hills and through valleys: but, when he sat silent before his easel, then did his brow become clouded, and his hand unsteady. Many of Leonardo's pictures of this period are lost: he often destroyed them himself, in a fit of disgust, when they only wanted a few masterly strokes to complete them.

The Duke possessed an ardent love of the fine arts; his great misfortune was that of having fallen so entirely under the influence of the artful Dominican, who swayed him to his own purposes, which were all low and selfish. Often did he stand enraptured over the works of the artist. "This," he would exclaim, "will be the gem of my collection. Gifted Florentine! proceed with thy work, and ask what thou wilt. All price is below it."

The Dominican was enraged by all the new honours heaped upon Leonardo, and he determined to destroy him. He had minutely observed him; studied his character, and the peculiar, delicate constitution of his mind. Hatred is patient and indefatigable. He knew that Leonardo's pencil became powerless, unless his taste, mind, and heart went along with it; and on this knowledge he formed his plan.

"My lord," said he to the duke, "I feel most bitterly for your many disappointments. No sooner have you set your heart upon a picture, than the capricious and daring Florentine draws his brush over it. Let me advise you to sit for your own portrait: this at least he will not presume to dis-

honour; and you may have one perfect gem from his hand for your collection."

The duke seized instantly upon the idea.

"You shall paint my portrait," said he to Leonardo; "then one of your pictures, at least, will be saved from destruction. Your respect for me, as well as your affection, will not permit you to draw the brush over the lineaments of your friend and patron."

The artist trembled at the order. How, indeed, could Leonardo, who delighted to paint nature in its fairest forms, endure such a subject, such a combination of physical ugliness, utterly unredeemed by moral beauty? The red shock hair, the grey twinkling eyes, the pale, ashy cheek, and ill-shapen head—it was impossible; and yet the duke commanded it! Refuse he could not. Yet, if he obeyed, could he prostitute his glorious art to flatter the tyrant, and disguise his hideousness by a deceitful falsehood? While, if he painted him true to nature, what a specimen of his art would go down to posterity, to be pointed at through after ages, as a proof that Leonardo da Vinci sold his pencil for gold!

It was in vain that he called upon the spirit of his master, Andrea. "Well then," exclaimed Leonardo, "I must drink the bitter cup, and paint him as he is. It is true he will read in his portrait his own hateful character; but I will not degrade my pencil by flattery—I will not deserve the scorn of after ages."

With a trembling hand he took the pencil, while the duke sat before him with proud importance, and arrayed in princely ermine. Behind him the Dominican had placed himself, and looked at the artist with exulting malice, reading in his troubled eye and trembling hand, the full influence of the malignant spell which his wiles had cast upon him. In vain Leonardo essayed to draw an outline; he saw nothing but the horrible face of the monk. At length he exclaimed, throwing down his pencil, "I can do nothing unless your

highness remain with me alone." The duke ordered the Dominican to depart, and a new motive to revenge arose in the monk's heart.

Leonardo proceeded with his work, day after day, but the nearer the painting approached its completion, the more dissatisfied became the artist. At length, however, the last stroke was given, and it stood against the wall completed, in all its revolting ugliness.

"How," cried Leonardo, losing all self-command, "shall a picture like this go down to posterity? Shall I tarnish my fame and soil the art by such a specimen? rather perish my art—rather perish myself!" exclaimed he, striking his foot with violence against the panel. It flew into fragments.

"So, so, master," said the Dominican, entering the room, by the command of the Duke, to see the picture conveyed to him. He had come with the intention of working him up to this catastrophe, but it was unnecessary; the ungovernable passions of the artist had anticipated him. "So, master Leonardo, I perceive thou are possessed of an evil spirit. I will not interrupt thee;" and he hastily retired.

Leonardo awoke from the delirium of passion to a consciousness of the deed. A feeling of self-reproach came over him, which was even more poignant than his fears of the vengeance of the prince. It was his protector, his benefactor, that he had thus insulted. "What have I done!" he exclaimed, as he gazed upon the fragments, and gathered them from the floor. "Those eyes have looked upon me with kindness; those colourless lips have spoken words of friendship! O, my prince, whatever thou wert to others, to me thou wert a friend and benefactor!" and his tears fell fast upon the fragments of the picture.

The door opened, and a messenger came to say that the Duke required his presence.

Leonardo trembled. "I may not call on thee, Andrea," said he, "I have sinned against thy precepts."

With faltering steps he approached the Duke, whose countenance was dark and lowering. Beside him stood the hated monk, with folded hands and affected humility.

"What have you done with my portrait?" exclaimed the Duke, with suppressed passion.

"Destroyed it!" replied Leonardo, with a trembling voice.

"And why?" said the Duke, still commanding himself.

"It was the feeling of his own worthlessness, sire," exclaimed the monk; "the consciousness that he could not do you justice."

"It is false!" said Leonardo.

"False!" exclaimed the Duke, approaching him, his face pale with rage: "speak, what was thy motive?"

"Madness," answered Leonardo, firmly: "madness, and want of self-command."

The Duke stood silent for a moment. "Whatever was the cause," said he, "perhaps you have done well, and I forgive you, if you accept my conditions."

"Name them, my prince," said Leonardo, "command me through fire and water, and you shall be obeyed. Make me undergo any torments, I will not complain. I will devote my best art, day and night, to redeem my crime, and to render myself worthy of your goodness."

"Be it so, then," said the Duke. "You shall no longer have your attention distracted by the things of this world: your art shall be consecrated to holy purposes. The refectory of the Dominican cloister needs decoration, and your talent shall be devoted to this work. I will give you one year to accomplish it."

The Prior was astonished at the calmness of the Duke; he had expected to see the storm burst and overwhelm the artist: he had not sufficiently estimated the consequence, or even sanctity, which genius bestows on its possessor. The Florentine was already the ornament of the age, and commanded the respect of nations. The monk cast a malicious

glance at him. Leonardo felt its force; it was hard for him to be shut up with such a man a whole year, and to be subject to the petty vexations he might inflict, and to which he knew his malice was fully equal. But he determined to bear with fortitude the evils he had drawn upon himself, and to labour to redeem the confidence of his patron. But what subject should he select?—this was a new perplexity; and months passed in a disordered and unhinged state of mind, which rendered it impossible for him either to conceive or execute any work of art.

One day, when the Passion Week had just begun, Leonardo was walking in the beautiful gardens near Milan. His mind was pondering on the subject of his painting. The spring had already awaked the young blossoms from their winter's sleep, and the trees and hedges were crowned with the fresh foliage of the season. "I will paint the scene sacred to our Lord!" he exclaimed—"his last supper with his disciples: would that my pencil were equal to the subject!"

The sun was just setting as he returned home, his mind filled with the vastness of the project. Unconsciously he arrived at the cloister of the Dominicans; the pealing tones of the organ struck upon his ear, while the lofty roof of the church resounded with the chant of the monks. The solemn sound had stilled the tumult of his breast, and his heart was filled with gentle and deeply religious emotions.

"O thou!" he cried, "who died for the sins of the human nature, which is so sinful and passionate in me, how shall my feeble hand portray thy glory! How shall I paint that last sorrowful night when the Apostles gathered around thee!"

As he dwelt on the subject, it gradually expanded to his mind; he beheld the long table and the Saviour in the midst of his disciples, the last rays of evening shining on his head, a mild radiance beaming from his eyes, when he exclaimed, "Verily, I say unto you, one of you shall betray me."

And with what beauty did the group spring to light under the pencil inspired by such emotion? How fresh and yet how soft the colouring! But it was indeed an arduous task. Spring had come round, and two of the heads yet remained unfinished, the Saviour's and that of Judas; the one, because his soul trembled to approach it, the other, because the beautiful purity of his own spirit shrank in horror from the task of portraying fitly such a visage.

In vain Leonardo sat before his easel, with his pencil in his hand, and prayed for divine inspiration to paint the Saviour of the world. His touch was cold and formal; where was the heavenly benevolence that irradiated his face?—the pitying forgiveness towards the Apostle who he knew would deny him?—the glance of divine sorrow unmixed with anger, which he cast upon his betrayer? And the contrast of the traitor, how was he ever to portray it worthily?

The last week arrived, and the heads were yet unfinished.

"Dost thou know the conditions?" exclaimed the exulting monk—"success or death: so said the Duke, and his word is never recalled."

"I know them well," replied Leonardo, in a despairing tone.

"Then hasten on thy work," said the Dominican. "Is life so worthless that thou canst not afford a daub of thy brush to save it? As well might the mighty discovery of painting have slumbered, if it will not do thee this slight service. Come, lend me thy brush, to-morrow is the day; I will furnish thee with a head, and perhaps it may save thine own," fastening upon him a searching glance, with a flashing expression of conscious power and triumph.

"Ha," exclaimed Leonardo, "I thank thee, good sir Prior, for this last offer; thou hast indeed inspired me."

He hastened to the refectory, closed and secured the door, and through the rest of that day, and the whole solitude of that last night, sat almost without interrmission at the

glorious work which has immortalized him. The head of Judas was completed before the shades of night came on; but that of the Saviour still remained. There was the beautiful oval, the locks parted on the forehead; but all else of the face was a blank. He felt the task beyond his power; yet his generous spirit would not profane his own ideal, nor degrade his art, by an unworthy performance.

The last rays of the sun were setting; he turned towards the west. "Andrea," he cried, "now in this hour of my last extremity of despair, let my voice reach thee among the shades of the palm-trees of paradise!"

As by a sudden inspiration, confidence took possession of his mind; celestial images floated before his imagination, the pealing roof seemed to ring with hosannahs; and in the vacant space the imagination of the painter beheld the countenance, the divine countenance, which he had been in vain attempting to portray.

Once more he seizes his brush, he has only to follow the traits impressed for ever by that single vision-gleam on his memory. Now, indeed, the work was soon completed.

The next morning Leonardo did not make his appearance, nor was any reply returned to the applications of the Prior at the door: it was the day on which the picture was to be exhibited, and his remorseless enemy exulted in the belief that, in his despair, he had sought the fate of the Judas he had found himself incompetent to depict.

At length the hour arrived, and the Duke Sforza, accompanied by the principal nobility of Milan, proceeded in state to the Dominican monastery, and gave orders that the refectory should be thrown open. The picture, which was upon the wall at one end, was concealed by a curtain; and the artist stood with his eyes cast down, and an expression of deep dejection. There was a confused murmur of voices. Curiosity and eager expectation were expressed in every countenance but that of the Prior's; on his sat triumphant revenge; the picture, he was confident, was unfinished in the

most important figures, as he had himself seen it so on the preceding day.

"Let the curtain be withdrawn," said the Duke.

Leonardo moved not: the deep emotion of the artist rendered him powerless.

The Dominican, unable to comprehend such feelings, was confirmed in the belief that the withdrawing of the curtain would be the death-warrant of Leonardo; he hastily seized the string, and by a sudden pull the curtain opened, and the Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci stood revealed to the world.

Not a sound for a few moments broke the stillness that prevailed: at length murmurs of applause were heard, increasing, as the influence of the glorious work fell fuller upon the enthusiastic minds of the Italians, to raptures. The Duke arose and stood before Leonardo. "Well, noble Florentine, hast thou atoned for thy fault; I am proud to forgive thee all. On, on, to glory, to immortality; high rewards shall be thine. But why, holy father," said he to the Prior, who still stood motionless and pale, before the picture; "why stand you speechless there, see you not how nobly he has redeemed his pledge?"

All eyes were turned upon the Dominican, then to the figure of Judas. Suddenly they exclaimed, with one voice, "It is he! it is he!"

The brothers and monks of the cloister, who detested the Prior, repeated, "Yes, it is he, the Judas Iscariot who betrayed his master!"

After the first surprise was over, suppressed laughter was heard. Pale with rage, the Dominican retreated behind the crowd, and made his escape to his cell, with the emotions of a demon quelled before the radiant power of an angel's divinity, and the reflection that henceforth he must go down to posterity as a second Judas! The resemblance was perfect.

And where now was Leonardo da Vinci; he who stood conspicuous among the nobles of the land; he whose might of genius had cast high birth and worldly honours into obscurity? Now, surely, was the hour of his triumph!

Alas, no! he stood humble and depressed; bitter tears bedewed his cheeks; and when the cry was repeated again and again, "It is the Prior!" he hastily quitted the presence of the Duke, and in the solitude of his own apartment, on his knees, in an agony of repentance, "O, Andrea, my master!" he exclaimed, "how have I sinned against thy memory, our art, and my own soul! I have sinned, I have sinned! It was a sacrilege—in the same hour in which thou didst answer my prayer with the blessed inspiration of the vision of the Redeemer! I am unworthy of thy love, of thy divine art, and of my own respect. 'Revenge can have no part in a great mind,' was thy last precept; how much better didst thou know me than I knew myself! Strengthen and guide henceforth, my weak and sinful nature."

Such were the emotions of the artist, while all Milan and Italy rang with the fame of the work which he himself so bitterly repented. All flocked to see it, and his renown was at its zenith. He shunned the applause, and, in a humble spirit, devoted himself to the pursuit of a nobler triumph than he had already achieved—the triumph *over himself.*

This is the history of that celebrated painting, the Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci, which is familiar to all, from the innumerable copies distributed through every civilized country, by the pencil and the burin. It is commonly understood to be a fresco; but it is not. It was painted on the dry plastering, with the use of distilled oils, in a manner invented by Leonardo. This circumstance has caused its decay. It is still in the refectory of the Dominican convent, at Milan; though, having sustained much injury from ill usage, especially when the convent was occupied by French

troops at the close of the last century, it gives the traveller now but an indistinct idea of its original glory.

Leonardo da Vinci, in 1520, visited France, in consequence of the pressing solicitations of the noble and chivalric Francis I. His health was feeble, and the king often came to see him at Fontainbleau.

One day, when he entered, Leonardo rose up in his bed to receive him, but in the effort, fainted from excess of weakness. Francis hastened to support him, but the eyes of the artist had closed for ever; and Leonardo lay encircled in the arms of the monarch.

[This sketch was published in 1826. For some parts relating to "The Last Supper," the authoress was indebted to a German legend; also to a German Tragedy for some ideas in the life of Correggio.]

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The shades of evening were mantling the Castle of Caprese; already its base was buried in darkness, while the last rays of light still rested on its towers, giving an air of mysterious grandeur to the venerable pile. On a projecting crag, that hung over the deep river below, distinguished from the dark foliage only by the few gleams of light reflected from its surface, sat a pale, melancholy boy. Sometimes he leaned fearlessly forward, as if to catch the sound of the distant water-fall, or of the soft rippling of the wave; then his eye turned to the ivy-clad towers. As he looked, turret after turret gradually disappeared, till only one lingering ray remained on the loftiest tower, and the building stood dark and frowning, an undistinguishable mass, with only its bold outline visible.

"Home of my fathers!" he exclaimed, "abode of my ancestors! These halls have once been thronged by fair ladies, and noble knights; now how deserted and forlorn! Well does the gloom that surrounds it shadow forth its history; and yet," he continued with animation, "one ray, one glorious ray lingers long on its summit. Desolation and ruin may hover round its base, but light and glory shall yet rest on its towers."

Slowly he arose and bent his steps towards the ancient pile. There was nothing of the springing elasticity of youth and boyhood; his movements were measured and dignified, well corresponding with the thoughtfulness that sat upon his brow.

As he entered the hall of the castle, he met his father, who had been anxiously expecting him.

"Welcome, my son," said he, in a tone of mingled grief and reproach. "It is not well for thee to tempt the night air: where hast thou been thus long?"

"Part of my time has been passed at the village of Settiniano, and in wandering among its quarries of marble."

"And the other part?"

The youth hesitated. The father arose. "All that remains to me now," he exclaimed, "is my son. To him I look for the solace as well as brightness of my closing life. Ah! shall it be that I am to see him degraded by base associations, and the predictions of astrologers proved false?"

"What is it you fear, father?" said the youth, calmly interrupting him.

"I have been told, that your foster sister, Caterina, is called fair. Can it be, my son, that you have suffered yourself to be captivated by this village beauty?"

"Is it of Michael Angelo," exclaimed the youth, his dark eyes flashing, "that you ask this question? of him who is captivated by the arts?"

"How, then, and where," said Ludovico, "do you pass day after day?"

"In the house of my foster-father. He is a sculptor, and his work-shop is filled with the implements of his art, and a few noble specimens of ancient sculpture: it is there I have exercised the chisel, and truly the days are too short."

"I cannot suffer my son," said the proud Ludovico, "to disgrace himself by a mechanical employment taken from the *low born*. Know you not the high destiny to which you are ordained?"

"I feel it," replied the youth, with solemnity.

"Thou mayst read it," returned the father. "This parchment contains the horoscope of thy nativity. Retire to thine own apartment, and study it well. Thou wilt then

perceive that thy days are not to be passed in employments that befit the peasants of Settiniano."

The youth took the parchment and sought his solitary apartment, situated in the highest turret of the castle. Here, perched like an eagle on its nest, he was accustomed to watch the clouds as they rolled majestically along, or were heaped in masses against the azure sky. Frequently, to his imagination, they assumed the shape of gigantic rocks, and of giant banditti starting from behind them. The window overlooked the hills and vallies of Tuscany, which were now veiled in darkness, except where a ray of light streamed through the parting clouds, and yet rested on the bosom of the wandering Arno. With intense interest he unrolled the parchment, and, trimming his antique lamp, read the following document:—

"Near the convent of St. Francis, in the Castle of Caprese, on the 6th day of March, and at the eighth hour of the Sabbath evening, was born a boy, to whom his father, as if by the inspiration of Heaven, gave the name of Michael Angelo, implying that the child was destined to divine works. The horoscope of his nativity confirmed the idea; for it was found that the conjunction of Mercury and Venus took place at that time, and that they were received into the house of Jupiter with a benign aspect; which fully demonstrates that the boy, by his genius and skill, will produce wonderful and stupendous works of art."*

The young Michael Angelo threw the document aside.

"What," he exclaimed, are the predictions of astrologers? what the ambitious tenderness of a parent, if the inspiration be not here?" and he laid his hand on his heart. It throbbed with almost supernatural force; he arose, and threw open the casement for air; he panted as if the narrow confines of the body could hardly contain the soul. Just above the highest

* For the original of this document, see Vasari, Vita di Michelagnolo.

mountain, the beautiful planet Mars shone with unusual lustre; but Venus, the other star of his nativity, was nowhere to be found. Was this too an omen of his future life?

By degrees his mind returned to a calm and natural state; and he once more sought the presence of his father.

They sat together over their evening repast of bread and Tuscan grapes, and the heart of Ludovico grew lighter as he looked in the face of his boy, There were none of the gentle lineaments of his now angel mother, but there was the noble bearing of undaunted truth, and of unextinguishable genius. A smile played over the countenance of Ludovico as he exclaimed, "Thou art an idle boy to spend thy days in wandering among the quarries of Settiniano."

"Is he idle," replied the boy, "whose mind is filled with conceptions for the future?"

"It ill becomes one of the Canossa line to pass day after day in hewing stone."

A slight curve of the lip expressed the feelings of the young Buonaroti. "Father," said he, "it is only in our dark age of Italy, that sculpture has been considered a mechanical employment, fit only for hirelings and slaves. Among the Greeks, an artist might be a legislator, a statesman, or the commander of armies; and the time is not far distant when a second Phidias shall transfer the age of Pericles to our own Etruria. What Donatello has begun, another will be found to complete."

"No doubt," said Ludovico, "there are many with muscles and limbs that fit them for such an employment. It is highly creditable to thy foster-father. But thou, my son, hast thou studied the horoscope of thy nativity?"

"If there is truth in this parchment," said Michael Angelo, "I am destined to perform wonderful works. Place me with Domenico Ghirlandajo, and let Sculpture and Painting contend for the victory."

Ludovico perceiving that it would be useless to oppose his

son's inclinations, at length consigned him to the care of Ghirlandajo, with an indefinite feeling that he was born to an extraordinary destiny.

Here Michael Angelo had the courage and skill to correct some of his master's works; and was regarded as a youth whose opinion had no little authority. Yet, even at this early age, he was perhaps more feared than loved. His mind seemed concentrated upon the pursuits of art, and he never mingled in the boyish sports of his companions. He was one day busily employed, when a stranger entered the school, and after carefully scrutinizing the works of the scholars, at length approached Michael Angelo. There was but little in the stranger's appearance to excite curiosity; yet genius has an intuitive sympathy with genius. He spoke to the youth, examined his work, and then, turning to Domenico, said, "By your leave, I select this youth for the garden of St. Mark. Will it accord with his views?"

"Ay," replied Ghirlandajo, significantly, "do you think the eagle does not ken his eyry?"

Personal beauty is naturally connected with the epithet "magnificent," attached to Lorenzo's name; but historians do not ascribe it to him. He is said to have been tall and robust in his figure, but not symmetrical: his sight was weak, his voice harsh and unpleasing. Over his whole bearing, however, was thrown an air of dignity, and, when engaged in conversation, his countenance was lighted up from within.

Michael Angelo fixed his eyes upon him, and the stranger seemed perfectly to understand their language of silent homage, to which he was so much accustomed in others.

When he left the place, Buonaroti asked of those near, "who the noble stranger might be?"

"Do you not know the Duke," they replied, "Lorenzo de' Medici?"

"I did not," replied the youth, "but henceforth *we shall know each other.*"

The gardens of Lorenzo, so celebrated in history, were near the monastery of St. Mark. The school was then under the care of the venerable Bartoldo; and here Buonaroti not only became conspicuous for his wonderful talents, but was taught a painful lesson, often repeated to him in after life, of the ungovernable bitterness of envy, when, after long rankling in a fellow-artist's breast, it at length breaks forth into open hostility.

Torrigiano was likewise a pupil of the school. Both were zealous in their occupations, and eager to distinguish themselves in the eyes of their great patron. The task had been assigned them of modelling some figures in clay. Torrigiano having first finished and exhibited his, was invited by Michael Angelo to see how he had succeeded. Torrigiano looked upon the work of his young fellow-student with astonishment, and at once perceived in it indications of power which was to throw him into obscurity. With an impulse that appears like insanity, he seized one of the tools, and struck him a violent blow on the face, of which the scar remained through his life. Such an outrage could not remain unpunished, and he was expelled from Florence.*

Lorenzo conceived for the young Buonaroti the warmest friendship, and delighted to furnish him with subjects. "How beautiful is this faun!" said Lorenzo, looking at a head which the artist had rapidly sketched on a panel: "how perfect would it be, so well done in marble!" Michael Angelo took the hint, and executed the figure in stone, to the astonishment of Lorenzo, who exclaimed, "How is it possible, that at this early age you have thus learned to handle the chisel?"

"My Lord," replied the artist, "I imbibed sculpture with my nurse's milk!"

"There is a defect, however," said Lorenzo, smiling;

* The melancholy history of Torrigiano perhaps may suggest the idea that there was a vein of insanity in his whole life. His violent and impatient spirit drew upon him the observation of the Inquisition in Spain, where he

"your faun has ranged the woods for centuries, yet has the teeth of youth."

Michael Angelo, struck with the justness of the remark, immediately broke out some of the teeth, and mutilated others, so as to give the appearance of age.

While Michael Angelo was increasing in the grandeur of his conceptions, cherished, and, what was yet more important, appreciated by Lorenzo, a terrible blow was impending over him.

Lorenzo de' Medici, whose name, even to this remote period, is encircled by the halo of taste and science, who reigned in the republic of Florence with supremacy which hereditary monarchs have vainly sought—because his empire was that of the mind: Lorenzo the Magnificent, whose patronage of the arts is one of the most important eras in Italian history, was suddenly called from earth, and removed to a brighter sphere.

While the Italian world was in tears, Michael Angelo shed none. Dark and silent was his sorrow. It was long before he gave utterance to his grief. Then he exclaimed, "What is this great world to me? No one now knows me, or feels for me. I am as well understood by the block I chisel, as by the beings around me. I will quit this place of forms and rules. I will go back to the Castle of Caprese. There at least I may find sympathy in the grand and sublime objects of nature. The sky, the mountains, the rivers, and the ocean; whirlwinds and tempests, speak of Him who created them; but man, man! who has so perverted the image of the Deity, my soul has no communion with him. With one only it claimed affinity, and the loss of that one, the friend of virtue, of worth, I will mourn in solitude."

The violence done him by Torrigiano, of which he was con-

finally repaired. He was sent from one prison to another, and at last was condemned to death as a heretic; but happily his life closed before the sentence was executed.—Vasari, vol. 5. Vita di Torrigiano.

stantly reminded by the unfortunate scar, made a lasting impression on his feelings, and for a time created in him a degree of misanthropy towards his fellow-men.

In the beautiful woods of Arezzo, Michael Angelo found the consolation and divine support his spiritual nature sought. Contemplation was his daily food. There he plunged into the invisible depths of thought, and thence took a bolder flight. The divinity stirred within him; new creations rose to his mind. As Adam walked with God in the garden of Eden, so here, he wrote of himself to his friend Vasari—"Here I am fed with angels' food. The thunder speaks to my ear with the voice of ages; the winds come rushing with almighty power. They talk of nature; and what is nature, but the spirit of God, filling man with inspiration?—what beauty, but the weed in which he dresses the soul he has created? Mine possesses a spiritual life, which seeks not its aliment from the earth. It would live in the infinite,—the invisible. I am surrounded by what the world calls natural beauty, spread out before me in the Val d'Arno and on the vine-covered hills of Tuscany. I look not upon them. My soul seeks its enjoyment in the being from whom it emanates: it quits the low scenes of earth, and rises to the great First Cause. At times, I lose my own identity, and feel as if I were absorbed in the Supreme Invisible." When time had softened his sorrow for Lorenzo's death, he resumed his former occupations.

Ludovico began to discover that his son would find the path to that greatness predicted by his horoscope: he no longer chid his late wanderings, but suffered him to pursue his eccentric course unmolested.

Pietro de' Medici succeeded Lorenzo, inheriting from his predecessor a love for the fine arts, but without his knowledge or judgment. It became his earnest wish to engage Michael Angelo in his service. He knew that he had collected many valuable antiquities; that it had been the recreation of his

leisure hours to study the gems of art, the intaglios and medals, which Lorenzo had collected. Pietro wished him to take care of his cabinets, and, above all, he was desirous of possessing a work of Michael Angelo, that should be made exclusively for himself. Fortune favoured his puerile fancy. There fell an uncommon quantity of snow at Florence, and he entreated of Buonaroti to raise a statue from it in his court-yard. It may be interesting to inquire why the artist consented: perhaps from the generous pleasure of gratifying the son of his regretted friend; perhaps he wished to convince the Florentines that grandeur of effect is independent of the materials. Whatever were his reasons, he did consent to figure as an improvisatore in sculpture. A gigantic statue was raised, and, for the three days during which it lasted, attracted crowds of admirers.

It is likewise evident that Buonaroti had a higher motive in view, than the desire of giving specimens of sculpture, architecture, or painting to Florence. He wished to excite a general emulation and enthusiasm for the arts; and probably this was the great secret of the statue of snow, upon which so many conjectures have been hazarded.

He consented to remain with Pietro, devoting himself to the culture of his own taste, as well as to the service of his patron. He was often the Duke's counsellor also, and endeavoured to restrain his excessive prodigality. But Pietro's folly and imprudence at length despised restraint, and so incensed the people that he was expelled from Florence in the year 1494.

Michael Angelo, foreseeing the calamities which were impending over the city, determined to repair to Bologna; but he was still young, new to the world, unacquainted with its forms, and, strange as it may seem, unprovided with money. When he arrived at Bologna, his passport was demanded: he had neglected to provide himself with one;

and, not complying with the forms of law, was conducted to prison as a suspected person.

The horror of that night he has feelingly described in a letter to one of his cotemporaries. Probably his emotions were partly excited by the troubles at Florence, and from which he fled, and by a degree of fever and indisposition under which he was labouring. He thus describes it :—

"Never shall I forget that night. I was put into a solitary cell where criminals are confined, the ladder drawn up, the trap-door closed, and I was left in total darkness. My brain seemed on fire: sometimes there was a supernatural glare of light before my eyes; then it was succeeded by impenetrable darkness, which seemed to have a material substance, pressing upon my respiration. Once I felt as if the walls of my prison were closing in, and I was gradually to be crushed between them. To this night I owe, in some degree, my conceptions of the last judgment."

When morning came, he was permitted to behold the light of day, but found he could not regain his liberty, except by paying a fine which was far beyond his means. Fortunately, Messer Giovan Aldrovandi visited the prison, and, hearing the circumstances, immediately effected his release, and took him to his own house. It appears that he did not know his guest. Soon after, being conducted by Aldrovandi to see the arch of St. Domenico, and observing a figure wanting, he offered to supply it. When completed, it was the most perfect of the whole; and Leonardo da Vinci, happening to be at Bologna at the time, so soon as he saw it, pronounced it to be the work of the young Michael Angelo; and thus Aldrovandi learned that the kind office he had performed to a stranger was to find its reward in the friendship of Buonaroti.

He remained at Bologna a year, always residing in the house of Aldrovandi, who took great delight in his society, and in hearing him read the works of Dante, Petrarch, and

Boccaccio. When the troubles in Florence were in some measure calmed, and the Medici family returned to Florence, Michael Angelo took leave of Aldrovandi, and returned to the land of his affections. He had never been happy at Bologna.

It was at this time that he amused himself with practising a deception among the antiquarians; who, not content with bestowing due praise upon the works of ancient art, were externally grubbing in old holes, and extolling whatever they found there as superior to all which modern times had produced. He made a statue of a sleeping Cupid, and, having cut off one of its arms, and slightly disfigured it, buried it where it was likely to be come at by the virtuosi. It was accordingly discovered, and lauded as a master-piece of ancient genius, which modern skill could not equal; until Michael Angelo, producing the arm, claimed the statue as his own, and compelled the critics to allow, that merit was not confined to antiquity.

It has been said of hand-writing that it is expressive of the character. How much more justly may this observation be applied to the arts of sculpture and painting! The works of Michael Angelo are perfectly characteristic of himself. He was unequalled in the fearless grandeur of his conceptions, considering actual beauty as a weed (to use his own expression), in comparison with the sublime ideal he had formed; and so wholly absorbed in the loftiness of that idea as to lose sight of those graces which are essential to perfection. In later life, as a subsequent sonnet proves, he seems to have felt more tenderness for such beauty as he found, and considered it as a medium through which the soul might rise to its Creator. It was an essential error in him to suppose that nature can be divested of any of its perfections and retain its harmony. Of none could it be said more justly than of him, that, "possessed himself by a heroic passion, he used matter as symbols of it."

The seal-ring, which he always wore, seemed to be a part of himself. Neither the beauty of the intaglio, nor the costliness of it, accounts for the value he set upon it; it was a gift of friendship from Lorenzo de' Medici.

The artist had to contend with Leonardo da Vinci for the sculptor's palm. A large block of marble had been placed in the hands of Simon da Fiesole, from which he had begun to chisel a giant; but, wholly failing in his attempt, he gave the matter up, and it was determined that this valuable block, which had been laid aside for a number of years, should be brought into use. It was first offered to Leonardo; but, after examining it, he declined the task, and said that the work could not be executed without additional pieces, it had already been so much injured. Michael Angelo was the man whose skill was adequate to adapting conception and execution to the material which was offered, and he did not hesitate to undertake the work. From this block he executed the colossal statue of David, and so accommodated his idea to the shape of the mass, as to leave some of his predecessor's work untouched; which gave rise to the observation, that "Michael Angelo had raised the dead."*

After the statue was completed, a difficulty arose how it should be conducted to the destined place without injury. By the contrivance of two brother architects, a tower-shaped frame was made, to the roof of which the figure was suspended in a manner to vibrate at every inclination, and it was thus successfully transported.

"The nose is too large," observed Soderini, who affected to be a critic. Michael Angelo ascended the steps with an instrument, and, after pretending to work upon the face, and blowing about some dust which he had secretly taken with him, exclaimed, "How is it now?"

"Excellent!" said Soderini; and the artist suffered him to

* "Far risuscitare uno che era morto."—VASARI.

enjoy his opinion, but said afterwards that "Soderini's was about as good as most criticism."

Michael Angelo deeply deplored the unhappy state of Florence. The lines written by him under the figure of Night, are expressive of the state of his feelings. Though the softer elements of his character had not been fostered by maternal kindness, there was not wanting a deep spring of sensibility, which circumstances sometimes caused to overflow. Under the celebrated statue of Night, which had been intended for the tomb of the Medici, Baptista Strozzi wrote the following lines:—

Night, whom thou seest so calmly sleeping,
Was by an *Angel* formed.
Though by this marble held in keeping,
By life the figure's warmed.
Yet, should thy mind of doubt partake,
Thou need'st but speak, and she'll awake.

ORIGINAL.

La Notte, che tu vedi in sì dolci atti,
Dormire, fu da un Angelo scolpita
In questo sasso; e perchè dorme, ha vita;
Destela, se no'l credi, e parleratti.

Michael Angelo shortly after observed the writing, and, with an emotion which fully evinced his sensibility, wrote this reply in the person of Night:—

Grateful to me is this repose;
More grateful still to be of stone.
While o'er my country evil flows,
To see nor feel is peace alone.
Then let me sleep o'er ills forgot:
Speak low! I pray thee *wake me not!*

ORIGINAL.

Grato mi è il sonno, e più l'esser di sasso
Mentre che il danno e la vergogna dura,
Non veder non sentir m' è gran ventura.
Però non mi destar; deh parla basso!

It was the fate of the artist to live in the most turbulent

times of Florence. Yet her agonizing struggles for liberty are less melancholy than her death-like slumber. When Alexander the Moor, as he was called, was placed by Clement VII. at the head of the republic, its spirit seems to have been subdued, and he entered the deserted palace of the Medici amidst the shouts and adulation of the multitude. The noble families, that could not brook this degradation, quitted the city. Among those who remained was Clarice, the daughter of Pietro de' Medici, who had married Philip Strozzi, renowned for his immense wealth and the power that wealth gave him over the various factions which divided the country. The proud spirit of Clarice could ill bear the assumption of Alexander; and in silence and solitude she mourned over the unhappy destiny of her native land. Even this solace, however, became dangerous. Her husband was too conspicuous, and perhaps too ambitious, to retire from the contest. It was thought necessary for his security that he should join with others in paying honour to the new Duke, and invitations were issued for a festival at the Strozzi Palace. To this Michael Angelo was invited; but he declined, saying, ironically, "Messer Filippo, sarebbe troppo," — *it would be too much.*

When the invitation, however, was again repeated, to meet the noble family with a small circle of friends and artists, he did not, as before, refuse. There he became acquainted with the beautiful daughter of his host. She was then in the first bloom of youth, and Michael Angelo experienced that sympathy which comes from the depths of the heart. She was neither poetess, musician, nor painter, but endowed with the genius of all, and spurned the mediocrity which generally belongs to the works of a mere amateur of the arts. Amidst the corruption that prevailed around her, she trod the path of life with dignity and firmness. Till this period Buonaroti had discovered the utmost impatience when obliged to mingle in general society; but her voice possessed a peculiar charm.

He regarded her as a model of beauty, and her gentle, beaming smile, sent gladness to his heart. As their acquaintance progressed, he discovered the justness of her taste, and skill in the arts; and when, added to this, he viewed her as a lineal descendant of the Medici family, his admiration seems to have been without bounds.

It has been suggested that a more tender sentiment at that time arose in the heart of Michael Angelo. The great disproportion in their years might alone have been sufficient to prevent it; but a stronger reason existed; she had already given her heart to another.

That the young beauty delighted to honour the artist, there are many records, but none more characteristic than her visit to his studio, recorded by Rosini. She was accompanied by her mother and the celebrated Cellini. When they arrived at Michael Angelo's house, they found Urbino at the door, who conducted the visitors to his master.

He received them in a dress which he never wore out of his studio. It was singularly plain, and made for work. On his head was placed a coarse paper cap, such as stone-cutters often wear at the present day, at the apex of which was fixed a contrivance of his own, a small socket, where at night he was accustomed to put a candle, the light of which, coming from a high point, threw its rays on the marble he was sculpturing, in such a manner, that he could discover the slightest imperfections, swells and cavities, more distinctly than by the light of day. The artist received his unexpected guests with perfect simplicity and without apology for his working-dress.

Michael Angelo took great pleasure in intellectual conversation, and frequently had opportunities of enjoying it in his unceremonious visits, at the mansion of Philip Strozzi. On one occasion, a discussion arose on the constancy of love. Some present denied the existence of constancy, and appealed to the artist for his opinion: he evaded the demand for the time, and the next day presented the following lines:—

If high esteem and pure exalted love,
With equal fervour two fond mortals share,
Receiving joy and sorrow from above,
As if in both one spirit governed there,—
As if one soul were in two beings joined,—
To heaven soaring with an equal flight,
Warm'd by the same pure faith each kindred mind,
And seeking from within their true delight,
Forgetting self, and eager to impart
Joy to each other, careless of their own,
For the rich plunder of a taken heart
Demanding love as love's reward alone:
No earthly power can loose these holy ties;
They are but pilgrims here,—their home the skies.

While this social intercourse was producing a benign effect upon his character, he received an invitation from Pope Julius II. (which in truth amounted to an order) to paint the vault of the Sistine chapel at Rome. Hitherto he had devoted himself almost wholly to sculpture and architecture, was unacquainted with fresco painting, and most unwilling to undertake the work proposed to him. To Rome, however, he went, and resolutely shut himself up in the chapel. After many trials and failures, beholding his works mildew almost under his hands, he at length succeeded in giving to the world this wonderful monument of human art.*

While the work was in operation, Julius became extremely impatient, and demanded when it would be finished? "When I have satisfied myself," replied Michael Angelo.

His holiness, thus repulsed, waited some time longer; but at length became furious at the delay, and on the morning of All-saints' day the chapel was thrown open, and high mass performed.

* For painting in fresco, cartoons are first prepared by pasting several thicknesses of paper together, on which the designs are sketched and shaded either in colours, or in black and white. A small portion of the wall is then freshly plastered, and while it is damp, a strip is cut from the cartoons and placed upon it. The outline is then pricked or traced through the cartoons, on to the wall; and the figures, having been thus outlined, and indicated with sufficient completeness, the painter begins his work. As the plaster must not dry, he undertakes no more than he can accomplish in one day.

The first sight of the work which has found so many admirers since, awakened in that susceptible people an enthusiasm which cannot be adequately described. Vasari, the intimate friend and correspondent of Michael Angelo, speaks of it as of a work divine. After giving an account of its plan, and enumerating the various designs by which the great artist has represented the genealogy of Christ from the beginning, he breaks out,—

"Happy age, and happy artists, who have had the opportunity of purifying your eyes at so clear a fountain; who have found your difficulties all removed and your path pointed out by so wonderful an artist, who has enabled you to distinguish truth from falsehood, and who has cleared the mind from its dark clouds. Thank Heaven for its goodness, and strive to imitate Michael Angelo in all things."

"People collected from all parts, to view this wonderful exhibition of human art, and when they beheld it, were struck dumb with admiration and astonishment." Such is the language of the time.

Before the chapel was opened, Michael Angelo wished to ornament it, in the style of the old painters, with gold and drapery, that it might be more imposing. The impatience of the Pope defeated this intention, and it was opened in its simple state. The holy father's ideas did not appear, however, to be graduated on a scale of simplicity, and he expressed dissatisfaction at what he chose to consider the baldness of the work.

"Reverend father," said Michael Angelo, familiarly, "in former times the saints were satisfied with *holiness*, and did not covet *wealth*."

Few artists have done so much as Michael Angelo, and few have received so much homage while living. But neither fame, nor genius, can secure happiness. The summits of the loftiest mountains are buried in mists, while the sun-beam dresses in luxuriant verdure the humblest valley. Like Mont

Blanc, he stood pre-eminent, and was often enveloped in storms and whirlwinds. With the essential properties of greatness, he wanted the gentler propensities of humanity. The mind, to be serene and tranquil, must be free from turbulent passions. That he often suffered from his own infirmities of temper, is undoubtedly true. That his rivals also suffered from it, cannot be doubted. His jealousy of Leonardo da Vinci drove that noble and high-spirited artist from Florence.

Among the many influences which operated upon the character of Michael Angelo was the power which the great Lorenzo had obtained over his youthful mind, early initiating him into the doctrines of Platonism, which became incorporated with his character. Then the death of his benefactor had its influence upon him, and still more the unhappy political state of Florence. It is evident that he was greatly in advance of the age in which he lived, and was born to lead, not to follow. This is the distinctive trait of real genius; it cannot be confined to the narrow limits of others' action; whether in high or low life it finds a path yet untrodden. Even his patron Lorenzo was drawn into the popular literature, upon which custom and fashion had set its seal, and, with a mind essentially devotional, wrote verses, which he, like Boccaccio, would in later life have gladly consigned to the flames. Michael Angelo, on the contrary, when he entered the field of letters, walked almost alone in unsullied purity, never forgetting the interests of his country and the influence which its literature must have upon youth. His love sonnets breathe indeed the mysticism of the philosophy he had espoused; but they at the same time express the grandeur and purity of his soul. We may easily believe that they were not so taking with the fair ladies of Florence as Petrarch's.

A writer has observed, "If ever there was a man truly original, whose greatness was his own, whose fame was maintained by the self-moving springs of his own nature, it was

Michael Angelo. He imitated none. He formed himself upon no models. His sculpture is as different from that of the Greeks, as the mountain-ringing cantations of Polyphemus from an Italian opera." It is customary to speak of him merely as a wonderful artist; but there was a deep spirituality in the man, which reveals itself, the more he is studied. Something of this may be attributed to the Platonic meetings of Lorenzo, which he attended, and of which he eagerly imbibed the doctrines. The Duke annually celebrated the seventh of November (supposed to be the day of Plato's birth and death), with extraordinary pomp, at his villa of Careggi. On this day were assembled the greatest men of the age. Politiano was his friend and household guest.

In this abode, where nature and art had lavished its treasures, the modern school of Plato assembled. The large and magnificent hall devoted to the discussions was in the house erected by Lorenzo's grandfather and enlarged by his father. The adjacent grounds were beautifully variegated with wood and water. Here were admitted Landino, Pico, Scala, and Ficino, and among this literary group the young Michael Angelo, silent, thoughtful, and observing, and never even in speculation losing sight of the practically useful. The favour of the noble host had already distinguished him as an artist; but it was the future that developed his character, and proved that, separated from the arts, he was still the great Michael Angelo.

To the divine poem of Dante he himself attributed much of the formation of his character. He always had this poem with him. It is to be regretted that his copy of it has not been preserved; for he had illustrated it with designs upon the margin, which were said to have been exquisite productions. The book was lost at sea, being part of a valuable collection on board of a vessel, which was wrecked on its way to Rome.

At the time Michael Angelo was at work on the Moses, the

marble arrived which was intended for the sepulchre of Giulio. As it was necessary that the people who brought it should be paid, he went to the palace for the sum required; but being told that he could not be admitted to the Pope, returned and paid the demand himself. Again and again he went. He was told that his Holiness was occupied, and could see no one.

"Do you know who I am?" said Michael Angelo.

"Yes, very well," replied the usher; "but I must obey my orders?"

The artist returned home, cast one lingering look upon his beloved work, his favourite Moses, then, shaking the dust of the ancient city from his feet, left it indignantly for Florence.

On arriving there he shut himself up. Very soon letters came from the Pope, urging him to return, of which he took no notice, and even refused to read them. Finally, a command arrived for him to return to Rome on penalty of excommunication.

Enraged at what he considered a tyrannical exercise of power, he determined to quit his native country, and betake himself to Constantinople. At length, however, he was appeased by the Pope's proposing to meet him half-way, and escort him into his own dominions.

Some of the courtiers advised his holiness to punish such insolence with death.

"I will," he replied, "if you will first find me another Michael Angelo."

Nothing could have been more unreasonable than the excessive anger of the artist; but the circumstance serves to show that genius invests its possessor with a power superior to pontifical robes.

On his return he completed the statue of Moses, on which he exercised his highest imagination. To enter fully into the merits of this statue, undoubtedly requires study, and a mind

prepared. Many have been repelled by its grandeur, and tempted to say with the brother sculptor,—"The works of Michael Angelo are terrific; they frighten me." His own enthusiasm was so much excited when it was completed, that he threw his instrument at it, and exclaimed, "Now speak!" The dent thus made upon the knee can be discovered. The projections from the head are often supposed to mean rays or flames of intelligence; but Michael Angelo's disciple, Condivi, who published the life of his master, at Rome, while he was living, speaks, in his description of the statue, of "*le due corna in capo.*" A traveller says, "After seeing them, I could not doubt they were meant for veritable horns, and that they emblematize power. Moses says of Joseph, 'His glory is like the firstling of his bullock, and his horns are like the horns of unicorns; with them he shall push the people together to the ends of the earth.' In the Psalms it is said, 'All the horns of the wicked also will I cut off; but the horns of the righteous shall be exalted.' Other allusions are made to horns in scripture. It is very certain that Michael Angelo really intended horns. And yet Gio. Battista Zappi, as quoted in Gori's notes to Condivi, speaks of "*il doppio raggio in fronte,*" in a sonnet which has been justly praised, and which those who read the Italian may find in a note below.*

* Chi è costui, che in sì gran pietra scolto,
Siede Gigante, e le più illustri e conte
Opre dell' Arte avanza, e ha vive, e pronte
Le labbra sì, che le parole ascolto?
Questi è Mosè; ben mel dimostra il folto
Onor del mento, e il doppio raggio in fronte:
Questi è Mosè, quando scendea dal Monte,
E gran parte del Nume avea nel volto.
Tal era allor, che le sonanti e vaste
Acque sospese a sè d' intorno, e tale
Quando il Mar chiuse, e ne fè tomba altrui.
E voi sue Turbe un rio Vitello alzaste?
Alzato aveste immago a questa eguale
Ch' era men fallo l'adorar costui!

The friendship that Michael Angelo formed with Vasari, his historian, was one of the great pleasures of his life. In 1554, Vasari quitted Rome and returned to Florence. They continued their intercourse by writing; and in this year Vasari informed him that his nephew, Leonardo, had a son whom he had called after his uncle. To this letter Michael Angelo thus replies:—

"I have received the utmost pleasure from your letter. It proves that you still remember the poor old man. You mention with triumph that another Buonaroti has appeared. For this feeling I thank you; but, in truth, these honours do not please me. I regret that there should be festivals and rejoicings when a child is born; let them rather be reserved for that period when he shall have arrived at a happy death."

Hitherto, in the noble and brilliant career of Michael Angelo, we read of neither decay nor infirmity. To grandeur and originality he united the patient industry of a daily labourer. His habits were frugal, and his diet abstemious; his meals often consisting of bread and the light wines of Tuscany; and, though the companion of princes, and constantly invited to the tables of the luxurious, he preserved his own undeviating simplicity.

To his faithful Urbino, his friend and servant, he looked forward for the solace of his advancing years. "You are younger than I am, dear Urbino," he would often say, "by many years; in your arms I trust I may yield my last breath."

It was the habit of Michael Angelo to work through a great part of the night, with "candela in capo." At a certain hour, Urbino was accustomed to come to his studio, and reminding him of the lateness of the hour, persuade him to retire.

The strong attachment that subsisted between him and his faithful domestic, is honourable to both. One day, the master

said to him, "What will become of thee, my poor Urbino, when I die?"

"I will try to serve another," replied he, "as faithfully as I have served thee."

"Still servitude!" exclaimed the artist; "but that shall not be; I will provide for thee at my death." And, to take from him the painful feeling of dependance, he immediately gave him two thousand crowns; but he felt fully persuaded that Urbino, who was much younger than himself, would smooth the path of his old age, and receive his last breath.

He was so accustomed to his attendance, that one night, when he did not arrive, Michael Angelo continued working till the rays of morning entered his room. He arose from his labour with surprise, and sought the apartment of Urbino, with a sad presentiment of evil. It was too well realized; poor Urbino was in a high fever, and unable to rise. Alas! how was his expectation reversed! In a few hours the faithful servant expired in his master's arms, who was left to mourn his loss.

Vasari heard of this event, and immediately wrote a consolatory letter to Buonaroti, to which he received the following reply:—

"My dear Friend,—It is with difficulty I answer your letter. Yes, Urbino is dead! His life was to me a blessed gift, through the grace of God, and his loss is the greatest calamity.

"While he lived he devoted himself to my comfort. For twenty-six years he has been my watchful friend; and dying, he has taught me to die without reluctance. I had expected that he would have received my parting breath. It is a pleasure to me to recollect that I had secured to him independence while living, and had he survived me, by my will he would have been affluent.

"He is taken from me, and there remains to me only the hope of seeing him in Paradise. That he is there I cannot

doubt. God has given indications of it in his resigned and happy death. I have no desire left to remain here; for the best part of me has gone with him."

The loss of Urbino perhaps first opened the fountains of tenderness in the heart of Michael Angelo. From this time he seems to have resembled less the marble he so beautifully chiselled. He was earnestly solicited to return to Florence; but he considered the air of that place unfavourable to his health. He passed much of his time in the exercises of his religion, and in retirement at Spoleto; he said solitude was necessary to the health of his soul.

It would seem wonderful that a being so endowed by nature as Buonaroti, should never have formed any domestic ties of a more tender nature than what he felt for Urbino; but to all hints of this kind, he replied that "Painting was his spouse, and his works his children."

There may have been a deep and secret source of affection, unknown to any one but himself. The sonnets and letters that passed between him and the illustrious Marchesana di Pescari prove that his heart was not wholly closed to female influence. She was the celebrated poetess, Vittoria Colonna, born in 1490, and daughter of Fabrizio Colonna. At the age of fourteen she married the Marquis di Pescari, to whom she was betrothed when four years old. The marriage proved one of tender affection, and when he was captured at the battle of Ravenna, in 1512, she suffered deeply on his account. Soon after his release, he was again in the ranks of war, at the great battle of Pavia, and died of the wounds he there received. Vittoria secluded herself in a convent at Orvieta, from which place her sonnets and poems found their way to the world. They are in Petrarch's style, and filled with pathetic lamentations for the death of her husband. The Canzone beginning "Spirto gentil, che sei nel terzo giro del ciel," is full of the conceits of the age. In this she says,—

"That when her soul is released from its earthly ties, and

follows the sacred footsteps of her husband, Peter, hearing his praises of her love and constancy, will not deny her entrance at the same gate."

At this time she was still young, and her hand sought by the princes of Italy; but she would not listen to any proposal of new ties. Her correspondence with Michael Angelo was constant, and he often addressed to her sonnets, which, though expressive of his high admiration and deep feeling, are too humble to cause offence, even in the heart of a determined recluse. The following is a comparison of the art of sculpture with the art of love, which is so difficult to turn into satisfactory English, that it may here be inserted in the original, for the benefit of those who may be able to understand it.

Non ha l' ottimo artista alcun concetto
Ch' un marmo solo in se non circoscriva
Col suo soverchio, e solo a quello arriva
La man che obedisce all' intelletto.

Il mal ch' io fuggo, e 'l ben ch' io mi prometto,
In te, donna leggiadra altera e diva,
Tal si nasconde; e perch' io più non viva,
Contraria ho l'arte al desiato effetto.

Amor dunque non ha, nè tua beltate,
O fortuna o durezza o gran disdegno,
Del mio mal colpa, o mio destino o sorte;

Se dentro del tuo cor morte e pietate
Porti in un tempo, e che 'il mio basso ingegno
Non sappia ardendo trarne altro che morte.

A ray of sunshine was yet to brighten his existence. On his return one day to his house, he found the Marchioness di Pescari had called. From this time she resided in Rome. Historians say, Tiraboschi among them, that "her motives are unknown."

The sonnets on the part of Michael Angelo did not cease after her arrival. In the following one he expresses his conviction that human beauty raises the soul to the Creator:—

The speaking face, the kindling eyes,
To heaven lift the soul;
No human power thus bids it rise
Beyond the earth's control.
The mighty artist thus designed,
His works should with himself compare,
And beauty raise the human mind
Above pursuits of worldly care.

No longer will I seek to shun
That speaking glance of thine;
It is to me the glorious sun
That warms with love divine:
And as I feel the kindling ray,
Its fervour shall my soul delight;
The noble flame shall guide my way
To Him who dwells in endless light.

For the marchioness he made some of his most beautiful designs, particularly the Infant in the lap of the Virgin, and a Christ upon the cross.

In this friendship there was much to soften and elevate the mind of the great artist; but it was his lot to outlive those he most fondly loved. The death of Vittoria took place a number of years before his, and the ancient, solitary man was doomed to travel on alone.

At the age of seventy, he was urged to undertake the architecture of St. Peter's Church. He accepted the office with great reluctance, and on the express condition that he should receive no salary.

His love of writing poetry continued to the end of his life. He felt, however, that his taste might be ridiculed, as appears by the following passage in a letter to Vasari:—

"It is the will of God, my dear Vasari, that I still should linger here. I know they accuse me of second childhood in writing sonnets, and since they say so, I will justify their remarks—I therefore enclose one more to you.

My feeble bark has reached the shore,
And life's tempestuous sea is passed;

Trembling I trace my perils o'er,
And yield my dread account at last.
The rival arts that charmed my youth,
Those fancies of my wayward mind,
Those winning dreams of love and truth,
Are vain delusions, all, I find—
A double death appals me now;
The one draws near with rapid strides,
The other with his awful brow
Time from eternity divides.
Sculpture and painting, rival arts!
Ye can no longer soothe my breast;
'Tis love divine alone imparts
The promise of a future rest.
On that my trembling soul relies—
My trust the cross, by hope the skies!" *

As his last days approached, he took great delight in reading the Scriptures, and in the works of Father Girolamo Savonarola. His love of solitude sometimes drew upon him severe remarks; but he well understood the great secret of searching within himself for the true elements of greatness.

His replies were often caustic and severe. A friend of his, intended for the church, arrived at Rome. Michael Angelo was unpleasantly struck with the foppishness of his manner, and splendid costume, and affected not to know him. The man was obliged to tell his name. Michael Angelo discovered great astonishment. "Oh!" exclaimed he, "you are very fine! if the inside is as well endowed as the outside, it will be happy for your soul."

One day, a friend observed "that he was much to be pitied for having spent his life in the pursuit of arts, which he could not carry with him."

He replied, "Why so? a taste and capacity for them was sent by the same hand that sends death."

"Contemplation," he said, "was the only food which properly nurtured the mind—it was the nurse of high and grand conceptions."

* For the original Italian sonnet, see Vasari.

Michael Angelo died at Rome of a slow fever, the 17th of February, 1564, at the age of ninety.* He made his will in a few words, committing his soul to God, his body to the earth, and his possessions to his nearest relatives; and added, that he died in the faith of Jesus Christ, and the firm hope of a better life.

His mind was never broken down to the habits and conversation of every-day life. His religion was the religion of his soul, not of his church; his alms-giving, compassion for his fellow-men; and his wealth the just reward of labour. The triple wreaths of sculpture, painting, and architecture adorn his tomb; his memory and works are left to posterity.

* He was coëtaneous with the poet Ariosto.

RAFFAELLO SANZIO D'URBINO.

The solemn and silent season of Lent had passed away; and, on the second evening of the joyful Easter, a house was seen brightly illuminated in one of the streets of Urbino. It was evident that a festival was held there on some happy occasion. The sound of music was heard, and guest after guest entered the mansion. No one, however, was more cordially welcomed than Pietro Perugino, the fellow-student of Leonardo da Vinci, at the school of the good old Andrea Verocchio.

For a moment general gaiety was suspended, in honour of the guest. He was considered at that time one of the greatest painters of the age; and the host, Giovanni di Sanzio, though himself only ranking in the second or third order of limners, knew well how to prize the rare talents of his visitor.

The wife of Giovanni came forward, leading her son Raphael. Perugino had the eye of an artist; he gazed upon the mother and son with enthusiastic feeling; the striking resemblance they bore to each other, so exquisitely modulated by years and sex, was indeed a study for this minute copyist of nature.

"Benvenuto, Messer Perugino," said the hostess, with her soft musical voice and graceful Italian accent, and she placed the hand of her boy in that of the artist. Gently he laid the other on the head of the youthful Raphael, and in a solemn and tender manner pronounced a benediction.

"Your blessing is well timed, my honoured friend," said

Giovanni; "our festival is given to celebrate the birth-day of our son."

"Is this his birth-day?" inquired Perugino.

"Not so," replied the father, "he was born on the 7th of April, the evening of *Good Friday*, and it well befits us to be gay on the joyful Easter that succeeds it."*

The hostess and her son turned to receive other guests, who were coming fast, and the two artists continued their conversation.

"I have never," said Perugino, "beheld so striking a resemblance as between your wife and son."

"I rejoice that it is so," said Giovanni; "it was my earnest desire that he should be first nourished by his mother's milk."†

"There is the same expression of softness and sensibility," exclaimed Perugino, "beaming from their eyes,—the fair hair parted on the forehead, and falling in wavy curls. Ah! my friend, guard your son from a sensibility that may degenerate into weakness,—from a tenderness of heart that may undermine the foundation of good principle. If I read his destiny aright, he is born to excel in high and noble arts. To those it were well to direct his attention."

"I have anticipated your counsel," said Giovanni. "If you can have patience with the first attempts of a mere boy, I will show you a Madonna which he has just completed."

Perugino followed the father through the colonnade to a small enclosure. On the wall were painted a mother and child. It was truly the infancy of Raphael's art: there was but little beauty of colouring; but the expression that in succeeding years distinguished his works, was there.

"My friend," said Perugino, "if thou wilt entrust thy boy to my care, I will take him as my pupil."

The father acceded with delight to this proposal. When the mother became acquainted with the arrangement, and

* Raphael and Luther were born in the same year.

† Che la propria madre lo allatasse.—VASARI.

found that her son was to quit his paternal dwelling at the early age of twelve, and reside wholly with Perugino, she could not restrain her tears. With hers the young Raphael's mingled, though ever and anon a bright smile darted like a sunbeam across his face.

The parting was one of sadness. Hitherto they had scarcely been separated for an hour; but she now felt that her son was entering the world; all her tender and delightful solicitudes were to partake of anxiety for the future. Perhaps she understood, as mothers frequently do, the valuable parts of his character. She trembled for the influence the world might have on a heart so flexible and feeling, and grieved for the disappointments he must endure, and the injuries he must receive, from minds all unlike his own. "But this," thought she, "is the school in which he must learn. To acquire firmness to resist temptation is the great security of virtue."

He remained with Perugino several years. Raphael was made for affection, and fondly did his heart cling to his instructor. For a time he was content to follow his manner; but at length he began to dwell upon his own beau ideal: he grew impatient of imitation, and felt that his style was deficient in freshness and originality. He longed to pass the narrow bounds to which his invention had been confined.

With the approbation of Perugino, and the consent of his parents, he repaired to Siena; here he was solicited to adorn the public library with fresco, and painted there with great success. But while he was busily engaged, his friend Pinturrichio one day entered. After looking at his friend's work very attentively, "Bravo!" he exclaimed, "thou hast done well, my Raphael! But I have just returned from Florence: oh, would that thou couldst behold the works of Leonardo da Vinci! Such horses! they paw the ground, and shake the foam from their manes. Oh, my poor Raphael! thou hast never seen nature; thou art wasting time on these cartoons.

Perugino is a good man, and a good painter, I will not deny that: but Leonardo's horses!"

Raphael threw aside his pencil, and hastily arose.

"Where now?" asked his friend, "whither art thou going so hastily?"

"To Florence," exclaimed Raphael.

"And what carries you so suddenly?"

"The horses of Leonardo," replied the young artist, sportively: "seriously, however, the desire of excellence implanted in my soul."

When he arrived at Florence, he was charmed with the appearance of the city; but his whole mind was absorbed in the works of Leonardo da Vinci and of Michael Angelo, the rival artists of the age. As his stay was to be short, he did not enter upon laborious occupation. His mornings were passed in the reveries of his art; his evenings in the gay and fascinating society of Florence, where the fame of Perugino's beloved pupil had already reached. The frescos at Siena were spoken of, and the beautiful countenance and graceful deportment of Raphael won him the friendship of distinguished men. Taddeo Taddei, the learned friend of Cardinal Bembo, solicited him to reside in his house; he consented, and, in return for the courtesy, painted for him two pictures, in what is called his first style, that of Perugino.

Lorenzo Nasci was just married to a beautiful young wife, and resided at his villa at the foot of Monte St. Giorgio. To this abode of elegance and luxury, Raphael was invited, and he was requested to paint a picture for the youthful bride. He chose his favourite subject, the Madonna and child, with St. John by her side, his countenance full of innocent gaiety, holding a bird up to the infant Jesus. Either from design or accident, the countenance of the Modonna bore a striking resemblance to his beautiful hostess; an indescribable air of human fascination, mingled with the spiritual sublimity he knew so well how to portray. Borenzo received this tribute

of his art with rapture; it was more precious to him than all the gems of antiquity collected around him.

His fine taste appreciated in this piece the exquisite grouping, in which Raphael so greatly excelled all his predecessors; that signal moderation of his, so distant from the theatrical effects of inferior artists; the tranquillity and mild unconscious beauty with which he invested his females, the tenderness which animated their countenances, and, above all, that sovereign grace, which has never yet been equalled, and which perhaps can never be surpassed.

"This piece," said Lorenzo, pressing the hand of Raphael with enthusiasm, "this piece shall not only be an heir-loom of my family, but of Italy. Ages unborn shall look upon it with delight, and say, 'This is the work of Raffaello Sanzio d'Urbino!'" *

At the residence of Lorenzo the young artist remained during the warm season. It was a spot in which his imagination found the fullest exercise. He wandered among the groves; he climbed to the loftiest summits, and gazed on the expanse below; he threw himself beside the water-fall, and listened to its murmurs, till sleep insensibly stole over him: Then, what visions opened to his mind! It was on waking from such a dream, that he seized his pencil, and gave to the world one of the most perfect of his Madonnas—the Madonna del Cardellino.

The villa was thronged with fashion and gaiety. The song and the dance, fair forms and gentle voices; his spirits were in unison with all around him. The lyre of Sappho thrilled his senses; the warbling lute kindled his imagination; no Mentor was near to counsel or to warn, and Raphael yielded to the enchantment that everywhere beset him.

* Alas! what are the predictions of human foresight! In the year 1548, on the 17th day of November, the villa, with its precious gems of art, including this picture of Raphael's, was destroyed by a slide of the mountain!—VASARI'S LIFE OF RAPHAEL.

One evening he retired to his couch at a late hour. He had been the hero of a fête, and love and beauty had heedlessly scattered their flowers in the path of the living Adonis. In vain he sought a few hours of slumber. He had quaffed the juice of the grape, emptying goblet after goblet, till his beating pulse and throbbing temples refused to be quieted. He started from his couch and approached the lattice; the heavens had changed their aspect, the still serenity of the evening had passed away, and the clouds were hurrying over the pale and watery moon. Nothing was heard but the low sighing of the wind; and now and then a sudden gust swept through the lattice, and threatened to extinguish the taper which was burning dimly on the table. A slight noise made him turn his eyes, and he perceived a note that the wind had displaced. He hastily took it up. It was Perugino's hand-writing. He cut the silken cord that fastened it, and read—

"On me, my beloved Raffaello, devolves the task of informing you of the events which have taken place at Urbino. May this letter find you prepared for all the changes of life; a wise man will never suffer himself to be taken by surprise: this is true philosophy, and the *only philosophy* that can serve us.* An epidemic has prevailed at Urbino, and has entered your paternal dwelling. Need I say more? Come to me, my son, at Perugia, for I am the only parent that remains to you.

"PIETRO PERUGINO."

Where now was the delirium excited by gay and thoughtless excess? The goblet would have sparkled to his eye no longer, had it been presented to his lips. In the midst of

* Fu Pietro persona di assai poca religione, e non se gli potè mai credere l' immortalità dell' anima.—VITA DI PIETRO PERUGINO, DA VASARI.

pleasure, ere the rose-buds with which he had crowned himself were withered, the voice of death, deep and hollow, sounded in his ear! The head that had throbbed so violently was for a moment stilled. The blood that had rushed with such feverish excitement was stayed in its course. It seemed as if death had laid an icy hand upon his heart. By degrees animation returned, and he awoke to a sense of the wretchedness of his situation.

"My mother! my mother!" he exclaimed; "never more am I to behold thee! Never more to rest my head on thy bosom! Never more to hear thy voice, to feel thy face pressed to mine, thy arms encircling my neck, thy hand upon my aching brow!"

As he hastily arose, a crucifix which his mother had suspended to his neck at parting, fell from his bosom. Even the symbols of religion are sacred where the living principle has been early implanted in the heart. He pressed it to his lips; "Ah!" thought he, "what is the *philosophy* of Perugino, compared to the *faith* of which this is the emblem!" His thoughts went back to infancy and childhood, and his grief and remorse grew less intense. He dwelt on the deep and enduring love of his parents till he felt assured death could not extinguish it, and that he should see them again in a brighter sphere.

When morning came, it found Raphael calm and composed; the lines of grief and thought were deeply marked on his youthful face; but the whirlwind and the storm had passed. He took leave of his friends, and hastened to Perugino, who received him with the fondness of a parent.

Here he remained some time, and at length collected sufficient resolution to return to Urbino, and once more enter the mansion of his desolated home.

It was necessary for him to reside at his native place for a number of months. During that time, he painted several fine pictures. His heart, however, yearned for Florence, and

he returned to it once more with the determination of making it his home. With far different sensations did he a second time enter the city of beauty. The freshness of his gaiety was blighted; lessons of earthly disappointment were ever present to his mind, and he returned to it with the resolute purpose of devoting himself to serious occupation.

How well he fulfilled this resolution all Italy can bear witness. From this time he adopted what has been called his *second manner*. He painted for the Duke of Urbino the beautiful picture of the Saviour at sun-rise, with the morning light cast over a face resplendent with divinity; the flowers glittering with dew, the two disciples beyond, still buried in slumber, at the time when the Saviour turns his eyes upon them with that tender and sorrowful exclamation,—"Could ye not watch one hour?"

Raphael enriched the city of Florence with his works. When asked what had suggested some of the beautiful combinations of his paintings, he said, "they came to me in my sleep." At other times he called them "*visions*," and then again said that they were the result of "una certa idea che mi viene alla mente." It was this power of drawing from the deep wells of his own mind that gave such character, originality, and freshness to his works. He found that power *within*, which so many seek, and seek in vain, *without*.

At the age of twenty-five, Raphael was summoned by the Pope to paint the chambers of the Vatican. The famous frescos of the Vatican need neither enumeration nor description; the world is their judge and their eulogist.

No artist ever consecrated his works more by his affections than Raphael. The same hallowed influence of the heart gave inexpressible charm to Correggio's, afterwards. One of Raphael's friends said to him, in looking over particular figures in his groups, "You have transmitted to posterity your own likeness."

"See you nothing beyond that?" replied the artist.

"I see," said the critic, "the deep blue eye, and the long fair hair parted on the forehead."

"Observe," said Raphael, "the feminine softness of expression, the beautiful harmony of thought and feeling. When I take my pencil for high and noble purposes, the spirit of my mother hovers over me. It is her countenance, not my own, of which you trace the resemblance."

This expression is always observable in his Madonnas. His portraits of the *Fornarina* are widely different. Raphael in his last and most excellent style, united what was graceful and exquisite in Leonardo, with the sublime and noble manner of Michael Angelo. It is the privilege and glory of genius to appropriate to itself whatever is noble and true. The region of thought is thus made a common ground for all, and one master mind becomes a reservoir for the present and future times,

When Raphael was invited to Rome by Pope Julius II., Michael Angelo was at the height of his glory; his character tended to inspire awe rather than affection: he delighted in the majestic and the terrible. In boldness of conception and grandeur of design, he surpassed Leonardo, but never could reach the sweetness and gentleness of his figures. Even his children lose something of their infantine beauty, and look mature; his women are commanding and lofty; his men of gigantic proportions. His painting, like his sculpture, is remarkable for anatomical exactness, and perfect expression of the muscles. For this union of magnificence and sublimity it was necessary to prepare the mind; the first view was almost terrific, and it was by degrees that his mighty works produced their designed effect. Raphael, while he felt all the greatness of the Florentine, conceived that there might be something more like nature—something that should be harmonious, sweet, and flowing—that should convey the idea of intellectual, rather than of external, majesty. Without yielding any of the correctness of science, he avoided harshness,

and imitated antiquity in uniting grace and elegance with a strict observation of science and of the rules of art.

It was with surprise that Michael Angelo beheld in the youthful Raphael a rival artist; nor did he receive this truth meekly: he treated him with coldness and distance. In the mean time Raphael went on with his works; he completed the frescos of the Vatican,* and designed the cartoons.† He also produced those exquisite paintings in oil which seem the perfection of human art.

Human affection is necessary to awaken the sympathy of human beings; and Raphael, in learning how to portray it, had found the way to the heart. In mere grandeur of invention he was surpassed by Michael Angelo. Titian excelled him in colouring, and Coreggio in the beautiful gradation of tone; but Raphael knew how to paint the soul; in this he stood alone. This was the great secret of a power which seemed to operate like magic. In his paintings there is something which makes music on the chords of every heart; for they are the expression of a mind attuned to nature, and find answering sympathies in the universal soul.

While Michael Angelo was exalted with the epic grandeur of his own Dante, Raphael presented the most finished scenes of dramatic life, and might be compared to the immortal Shakspeare—scenes of spiritual beauty, of devotion, and of pastoral simplicity, yet uniting a classic elegance which the

* These are the celebrated works which have been so much visited, admired, and imitated for more than three centuries. They are tolerably preserved; but are said to have been much injured by the fires of the German soldiers, who used these rooms as their barracks, in the sack of Rome by Charles V.'s Generals, soon after Raphael's death.

† Where Raphael's cartoons are spoken of, certain paintings on paper are meant, which he executed as patterns for tapestry, to be used in the Procession of Corpus Domini at Rome. It is believed that they were carried into England from the Low Countries, where they were sent to be executed in tapestry. The tapestries are annually exhibited at Rome. For the manner in which the cartoons are used in fresco, see note to Michael Angelo.

poet does not possess. Buonaroti was the wonder of Italy, and Raphael became its idol.

Julius was so much enchanted with his paintings in the halls of the Vatican, that he ordered the frescos of former artists to be destroyed. Among them were some of Perugino's; but Raphael would not suffer these to be removed for his own; he viewed them as the relics of a beloved and honoured friend, and they were consecrated by tender and grateful feelings.

On a bright, clear morning in June, two young Romans stood waiting before the Church of St. Peter.

"It will be a sight worth seeing," exclaimed one of them: "a meeting between Alcibiades and Diogenes."

In a few moments they perceived Raphael approaching. He was surrounded by his pupils, thirteen in number, yet distinguished from them all by his picturesque and graceful costume, his beretta and black plumes. By his side walked his most cherished and devoted pupil, Julio Romano; then came promiscuously, Francesco Penni, Pellegrino, Pierino del Vaga, Pollidoro da Caravaggio, Matturino Bartolomeo, and others. It was not a silent group; there was much gaiety, conversing, and gesticulation. Knots of people stood waiting to see them pass; and as the bright Italian sun darted its beams among them, it seemed to form a halo around the beloved and youthful master.

"Look," exclaimed one of the Roman cavaliers, "Diogenes is coming! now for the meeting!"

Michael Angelo appeared at a little distance, in his usual dress, his beretto drawn low over his forehead, yet not so low as to conceal a pair of dark piercing eyes, while the lines of his strongly marked face inspired common beholders with a reverence which amounted almost to awe.

When he perceived Raphael approaching he did not change his demeanour excepting, perhaps, a little compression of the

lips; and he walked forward with folded arms, in the shadow of the building.

No so Raphael: his quick eye caught the outline of the mighty master; "Zitto!"* and his pupils were hushed. As Michael Angelo approached, they opened to either side, and the rival artists, the one in the dignity of mature age, the other in the bloom of manhood, stood face to face. Nothing could be more remarkable than their figures; the firm, majestic bearing of the one, and the slight, graceful proportions of the other. Raphael respectfully doffed his beretta, and Michael Angelo held out his hand, which the young artist slightly touched. It were well if they had thus parted.

But Julio Romano, who was the ardent admirer of both, and wished for a better understanding between them, exclaimed, "I am glad you did not pass without recognizing each other."

"How could I?" replied Michael Angelo, "when the Sanzio marches the street like a provost, all his serjeants about him."

"And how could I fail to distinguish Michael Angelo," exclaimed Raphael, his dark blue eye kindling, "when he marches the street *alone*, like an executioner?"

Raphael collected from every part of the world medallions of intaglios and antiques to assist him in his designs. He loved splendour and conviviality, and gave offence thereby to the rigid and austere. It was said that he had a prospect of changing the graceful beretta for a cardinal's hat; but this idea might have arisen from the delay which existed in his marriage with Cardinal Bibiano's niece, whose hand her uncle had offered to him. Peremptorily to reject this proposal of the cardinal without giving offence would have been impossible, and Raphael was too gentle in his own feelings voluntarily to injure another's; but he was not one to sacrifice his affections to ambition.

* Silence.

Whatever were the struggles of his heart, they were early terminated. Amidst the caresses of the great, the fond and devoted friendship of his equals, the enthusiastic love of his pupils, and the adulation of his inferiors; while crowned with wealth, fame, and honour, and regarded as the equal of the hitherto greatest artist in the world, he was suddenly called away. He died on Good Friday, the day of his birth, at the age of thirty-seven, 1520.

We are sometimes impressed with veneration when those who have even drank the cup of life almost to its dregs, resign it with resignation and Christian faith. But Raphael calmly and firmly resigned it when it was full to the brim.

Leo X. and Cardinal Bibiano were by his bed-side. The sublime picture of the Transfiguration, the last and greatest which he painted, was placed opposite to him, by his own desire. How impressive must have been the scene! His dying eye turned from the crucifix he held in his hand to the glory of the beatified Saviour.

His cotemporaries speak of him as affectionate, disinterested, modest, and sincere; encouraging humble merit, and freely giving his advice and assistance where it was needed and deserved.

The earnestness with which Bibiano promoted and desired the union between Raphael and his niece; the respect and tenderness which the lady herself manifested for him in requesting that her ashes might rest in the same tomb with his, are some among many testimonies of the esteem and affection with which all, who knew him intimately, regarded him. He was buried with great pomp, and with true sorrow from a thousand hearts, in the Pantheon at Rome, and his remains have been recently re-interred in the sarcophagus taken from the ruins of the ancient city.

It is pleasant to gather evidences of the high estimation in which Raphael was held. Lanzi says—"He so much excited the admiration of Leo and of all Rome, that they regarded him

as a man sent from heaven to revive the ancient splendour of the eternal city."

He also alludes to his cultivation of history and poetry. He wrote sonnets; but it does not appear that any have been preserved. The following letter is without doubt authentic. It was written in the old Italian, and will be found in the preface to the life of Raphael, in the fifth volume of Vasari. The mention of his early friend, Taddeo Taddei, is a testimony to his grateful and affectionate feelings. It seems probable that the letter was written to his old master, Perugino; though no superscription is preserved:—

"MOST DEAR SIR, DEAR TO ME AS A FATHER,—I have received your letter, in which I learn the death of our illustrious Duke. May God have mercy on his soul! I could not read your account without tears; but, for these things, which are inevitable, we must have patience and submit to the will of God. The other day I wrote to my Uncle to send me the painting of the prophetess, which is under that of our lady, but he has not sent it; and I beg you to inform him, whenever there is an opportunity to send, in order that I may please her ladyship, since you know we are now quite in need of her patronage. I request you also to tell my Uncle and the *Santa*, that if Taddeo Taddei, of whom we have spoken several times, should come to Urbino, they must treat him well, without regarding expense, and you, too, will have the goodness to pay him honour for my sake; for I am under greater obligations to him than to any man living. For the painting I have not fixed any price yet, and shall not do it, because it will be better that its value should be determined by a third person. I have not written to you on this subject, because I am still uncertain about it. The owner of the painting has promised to furnish me with work to the amount of three hundred gold ducats, both here and in France. After the festivals I shall have it in my power to let you know what the picture will amount to, for I have already finished the cartoon, and will fix every thing

about it after Easter Sunday. I should like, if it is possible, to have a letter to the Gonfaloniere of Florence from the Signor Prefetto. A few days since, I wrote to my Uncle and to Gionomo at Rome to procure me one, which would be very useful, on account of a certain room to be painted, and for which his Holiness will give me the orders.

"I wish you, if possible, to send me such a letter, which I am almost sure you will obtain from Signor Prefetto, if you ask it in my name, mentioning me to him as his old friend and servant.

"Remember me to the master and to Rodolpho, and to all our friends.—April, MD. VIII.

"Your RAPHAELLO,
"Painter, at Florence."

An inscription in Latin was placed in the paternal mansion in which Raphael was born.* The following is a literal translation:—

"NEVER TO DIE,
WITHIN THESE HUMBLE WALLS,
THE EXCELLENT PAINTER RAPHAEL
WAS BORN
ON THE 8TH BEFORE THE IDES OF APRIL, 1483.
REVERE,
THEREFORE, STRANGER,
THE NAME, AND THE GENIUS OF THE PLACE;
NOR WONDER;
A DIVINE POTENCY PRESIDES IN HUMAN AFFAIRS,
AND IS WONT OFTEN TO SHUT GREAT THINGS WITHIN SMALL."

Throughout the world a sacred potence plays,
And often crowns the beggar's head with bays.

* NUNQUAM MORITURUS,
HIS EXIGUIS AEDIBUS,
EXIMIUS ILLE PICTOR RAPHAEL
NATUS EST.
OCT. ID. APR. AN. MCDXXCIII.
VENERARE
IGITUR HOSPES
NOMEN ET GENIUM LOCI.
NE MIRERE
LUDIT IN HUMANIS DIVINA POTENTIA REBUS
ET SAEPE IN PARVIS CLAUDERE MAGNA SOLET.

ANTONIO ALLEGRI DA COREGGIO.

"Here comes Antonio, with his new picture," said Maddelena to her father Nicolo; "do, dear father, speak kindly to him."

"Nay, daughter," replied Nicolo, "thou canst not expect me to be as dove-like as thyself. I will speak to him as one man may speak to another. It would have been well for thee, had I not yielded to thy foolish fancy in the first place. Hadst thou married Pietro, thou wouldst have taken thy proper station in the world, and been mistress of one of the finest inns in Correggio. I should not see thee, as I do now, wanting the necessaries of life."

"Father," said Maddelena, "thou art mistaken; I want nothing. I am the happiest being in the world."

"Then why dost thou weep?" said Nicolo; for the tears of the young wife were falling like a morning shower.

"Look?" said she, "Antonio is just coming up the hill: see how feeble he walks—he can scarcely carry his picture: ah, he stops to rest—do you see how pale he is?"

"Yes, yes, I see. He had better have taken my advice, and worked at my trade. I offered to give him a year's instruction for no remuneration but his services; but nothing would do but he must paint pictures, that are good for nothing in the world. Now jars, and pipkins, and milk-pans, and flower-pots, are good for something, and will always bring money."

"Yes, father, but Antonio's works will bring him fame—glory."

"Fame! glory! nonsense! canst thou live upon these commodities?"

"We want but very little to live upon: indeed, father, if Antonio were well, I should not have a wish ungratified. He is so kind, so gentle, so fond of our little Giovanni, and of the infant. Oh, there are few so blest as I am! To have such a husband, father,—one whose genius will lead him to immortality!"

"It is in a fair way of leading *thee* to immortality, my poor child," said Nicolo, with feeling. "Thou art almost as pale as he. I little thought, when I let thee out of my fold, that thou wouldst find no other shepherd."

"Say what you please to *me*," said Maddelena: "you are my father, my dear *father*, and I can bear it all; but I beseech you, do not say such things to my poor Antonio: they make him miserable—they break his heart."

"I wish you had married Pietro," reiterated Nicolo, "he has a stout heart."

"Rather say, you wish I was in my grave; for I would sooner be there, than married to *him*. No, no, you do not wish such misery for your poor child. Look, father! Antonio is up again, and coming. Ah, when you see his picture, I am sure you will say to him, 'You did right Antonio, to pursue painting; it will lead you to immortality.'"

Antonio slowly ascended the hill, and Maddelena met him. "Let me look at it," said she, and he turned the picture towards her. "How beautiful!" she exclaimed: "they are just such faces as we shall see in heaven."

When they entered the house the painter modestly set down the picture with its face to the wall.

"A warm day, Antonio," said Nicolo; "thou shalt have a cup of my good old wine to refresh thee."

"Rather a cup of milk," replied Antonio; "I do not love your heating draughts; they only add to the heat here," and he laid his hand upon his breast.

"My dear husband," said Maddelena, soothingly, "thou hast painted too closely for these few days past; but it is for you, father, Antonio has been engaged. He said he would paint a picture for your room, and he has brought it."

"It is but a little thing," said Antonio, rising, "but I will show it to you."

"Wait a moment," exclaimed Maddelena, "I hear our little Giovanni, and baby too is awake!" and going out she returned in a few moments with the child in her arms, seated herself near the window, with Giovanni leaning upon her lap, and said, "Come, Antonio, I am ready."

Slowly, and with some trepidation, the painter displayed the picture. It was a Maddonna with the infant in her arms, and John near her—Maria and her children—bearing a very striking resemblance to the living group before them.

Nicolo gazed upon it; his stern features relaxed; he attempted to speak, and burst into tears.

"My daughter!" he at length exclaimed, "my little Giovanni! just as they look now;" and suddenly turning to Antonio, he seized his hand. "Yes," continued he, "*thou wert right to pursue painting; it will lead thee to immortality.*"

"Did I not say so?" said the delighted wife, and her arms were in a moment around her father's neck.

"Good, kind Antonio," said Nicolo, "I will not find fault with Maddelena that she did not choose Pietro: no, no, he cannot paint such a picture as this. He is a very good tapster, and keeps good wines, and a good inn; but thou hast chosen well, my daughter."

It was a happy day for Antonio and his wife. Nicolo, who estimated the value of the picture by the perfect resemblance the mother and children bore to the beings he loved best, and by his devotional impressions, repeatedly exclaimed, "Pietro never could have painted such a picture as that."

"Don't let us talk of Pietro, father," said Maddelena; "I never hear his name without shuddering."

"What is the matter with him, pray?" asked Nicolo; "is a man to be despised because he takes a fancy to a young girl, and is willing to give her both hand and heart?"

"You do not know him, indeed, father. He persecutes Antonio, and will never forgive him for the preference I have shown him."

"No wonder," said Antonio, "that he envies me the treasure I have gained: ah, dear Maddelena, we will not be hard upon poor Pietro; his disappointment was heavy. He is solitary in his plenty; thou mightest have shared it with him. Now thou hast poverty," his eye glistened, but a smile played round his mouth as he added—"and thy Antonio."

"And believe me, friend," said the young wife, with enthusiasm, "I should not love thee more if thou hadst the wealth of the great Filippo Strozzi."

It might be truly said, this was the happiest day of Maddelena's life. For the first time her father, who had always despised Antonio's art, had given full and complete testimony to its power.

Little Giovanni, who had been furnished with an *agnus dei*, to represent the St. John, was full of the restless glee of infancy; and Antonio, animated by the scene, seemed to partake, not only of the glow of pleasure, but of the health that prevailed. His pale cheek borrowed a fresher hue, his eyes sparkled with unwonted brightness, and his soft, melancholy smile was changed occasionally into one of genial gaiety.

There are few days set down in the calendar of a man's life, in which Happiness comes in her own pure and original beauty. When she does, she is attended by holy affections: she comes as when she first wandered in the garden of

Eden, and fills the heart with her presence. Fame, wealth, and ambition, the idols of the earth, are not there; but Love, with her tender relations, and holy ties,—at once the image and the boon of its Divine Creator.

Even Nicolo, so absorbed in the every-day affairs of life, so taken up with his pottery, his pipkins and pans, became in a degree intellectual; and when evening arrived, and it was necessary to part, the most perfect confidence existed between the group. Maddelena, with her infant in her arms, and her little Giovanni holding his father's hand, and running by her side, with the other children following, felt, as she returned to their humble dwelling, that life had nothing more to bestow. Their road lay by the four-storied and ornamented house of Pietro. The piazzas were full of peasantry collected in groups. Mule-drivers and carriers seemed to be the heroes of the revelry. One, however, was there who had fixed upon them a malignant eye, and that was the host. He stood brandishing a flask of wine, and declaiming with a loud voice. The serenity and contentment pictured upon their faces, roused the evil passions of his nature; and as soon as the piazza was cleared, he bent his steps towards the house of Nicolo.

When he entered, he found him standing before the picture Antonio had brought him.

"What daub have you there?" said Pietro.

"Daub!" repeated Nicolo: "wait till you see it by daylight, before you judge of it. There is Maddelena, and little Giovanni as perfect as life; and though it is the image of my own daughter, that I have dandled on my knee, strange as it may seem, I feel as if I must prostrate myself before her in the picture and worship her." Then, with a clear, deep bass he began:—

O sanctissima, O purissima
Dulcis Virgo Maria,
Mater amata, intenerata,
Ora, ora, pro nobis!

"Why, what has come over thee, Nicolo?" exclaimed Pietro; has Antonio bewitched thee, as he did thy daughter?"

"I know not," replied he, "but never did I feel myself a true Catholic till I saw this picture."

"Nonsense! Because Antonio can paint the eyes, nose, and mouth of his wife, which anybody could do if they were directly before him, thou must forsooth think he has done a great work. But I will tell thee a secret, Nicolo: thy poor daughter has a hard lot. Antonio cares for nothing but his pictures: there he sits before his easel from morning to night. When it is time for dinner, what have they to eat? Nothing! Antonio takes his cup of milk, and poor Maddelena, and her little Giovanni, and the other children, may take a cup of cold water."

"Indeed, I know they are very poor; but they love each other so much that they are happy. Antonio is promised a round sum for his picture that he is now painting; besides, thou knowest me too well to suppose I would let them suffer. Ah! hadst thou seen them to-day, thou wouldst have felt, as I did, that they wanted *nothing*."

"Poor Nicolo!" exclaimed Pietro, shrugging his shoulders "well, well, I am glad thou art deceived; it is better so thee!"

"Nay, Pietro, if you have anything to tell me, speak out."

"Take home thy daughter!"

"What do you mean?"

"Take home thy daughter!"

"Speak out!" said Nicolo, impatiently.

"No, no," replied Pietro, "I have said enough. It is not my business to lose the patronage of a great man, to serve a woman who has scorned me. Find out the rest thyself: I have given thee a clue. Good night!" He took his cap, and turned to go, but Nicolo seized him with an iron grasp.

"You stir not from here," said he, "till you tell me what you mean."

Pietro turned pale. "Promise me secresy, then," said he.

"I promise thee nothing," said Nicolo. "It is for my child, my own heart's blood, that I am contending; and I will have a death-struggle, ere we part without clearing up this mystery."

"Very well. If thou insistest," said Pietro, drawing a short knife from his belt. Suddenly his manner changed. "Thou seest, good Nicolo, I am armed: I could take thy life, if I pleased: but I am thy friend, and will tell thee all. But thou wilt not ruin me for this good turn?"

"No, no," said Nicolo, softening: "fear me not."

"Thou knowest Vecchina? It is he for whom Antonio is painting the picture."

"So I have understood," replied Nicolo.

"Dost thou know the price he is to receive for it?"

"Sixty crowns," said Nicolo, "and the picture is nearly completed."

"And art thou so simple, my poor Nicolo, as to think any one would give that sum for a daub of Antonio's brush? To be sure they gave him a good price for his cupolas, in Parma, and so they did the other head mechanics. But I will tell thee the truth, it is Maddelena, thy daughter, that is to be bartered."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Nicolo.

"Too true. I heard it all myself, with my own ears, as I stood near the trellis that concealed me. But, I pray thee, be calm: keep the secret. Take home thy daughter and her child, and you will see whether he gets sixty crowns for his picture. Good night, friend Nicolo."

Poor Nicolo did not close his eyes that night: he was perplexed how to manage the matter and not implicate Pietro, whose secret he felt that he had wrested from him.

In the morning he went immediately to the cottage of Antonio. As he passed Pietro's house, the landlord stood at

the door; he nodded to Nicolo, and placed his finger on his mouth, in token of silence.

When the father arrived, he found Antonio painting, and Maddelena sitting by the side of his easel, with her infant in her arms, and Giovanni leaning on her lap; the other children were playing. Both welcomed him warmly. On their side, never had there been such perfect confidence.

"I have come," said he, abruptly, "to propose to thee, Maddelena, to return to thy father's house. Antonio is always engaged at his pictures, and I am very lonely. Come home to me, my child, and bring thy children."

"Surely, father, you are not serious," exclaimed Maddelena; "you cannot ask me to leave Antonio?"

"He has his pictures: he cares not for thee," said Nicolo, lowering his voice, the roughness of his manner checked by her gentle reply.

Antonio laid down his brush, and hastily arose.

"Yes," continued Nicolo, I know all. Sixty crowns thou art to receive from Vecchina."

"It was a generous offer," replied Antonio, "but his own; I fixed no price."

"How came the fiend to fix his eye on my daughter?" asked Nicolo, with returning ferocity.

"He saw the picture I painted for you," replied Antonio, mildly, "and I think he fell in love with Maddelena, for he offered me sixty crowns for—"

"And thou wert base enough to accept the offer?" interrupted Nicolo.

"I know not," said Antonio, "why you call it base. Gladly, most gladly, would I keep all my pictures myself; but we are poor, and I must earn money."

"And you confess it?"

"Why should I not?"

"Hark ye! Antonio Allegri," exclaimed Nicolo, his face scarlet with anger; "your pictures are your own: if you can

make anything by painting canvass and wood, you are welcome to do it; but Lena is still my own daughter, and any base projects you may form with regard to her, will be your ruin."

"My dear father," said Maddelena, "what has happened to you?—who has been poisoning your mind?—who has spoken ill of Antonio?—and what have they said?"

"Alas! my child, you little know what a horrible scheme has been projected between this monster and Signor Vecchina."

"There has been no horrible scheme. Antonio engaged to paint him a picture, just like the one he gave you. Indeed, father, I *must* tell you, though Antonio charged me not to say one word about it. Vecchina offered him sixty crowns for that very picture; but he said, 'No: my good father-in-law has given me his most precious treasure, and this is the only return I can make him.'"

"What, then, could Pietro mean, when he told me that Antonio was to give you up to Vecchina for sixty crowns?"

"Father," said Maddelena, sorrowfully, "I am not surprised at any low calumny that Pietro might contrive against my Antonio; but that *you* could for a moment listen to it, fills me with grief and astonishment. How little you know us!"

"I perceive," said Antonio, with mildness, "that Pietro might have been mistaken. The morning Vecchina came to me, and saw the picture I painted for you, he said it must be *just such an one*, and when we parted, he turned back and added, 'Remember, *I am to have your Maddelena.*' Pietro was sauntering round, and no doubt heard imperfectly; but he is a bad man to conceive so base a thought."

"My children," exclaimed Nicolo, "I am old and childish, and no match for Pietro, and I will see him no more."

"Thank Heaven!" said Maddelena.

"Forgive me, Antonio," said Nicolo, holding out his hand.

Antonio took it, and gently pressed it. "Forgive *me*," said he, meekly, "that I have brought poverty on thy daughter."

When Nicolo had gone, Antonio, instead of resuming his painting, sat with his head leaning on his hand, apparently in deep and melancholy thought. Maddelena looked earnestly and often at him; at length she gently approached, and, bending down, imprinted a fervent kiss upon his forehead.

"My father says right," says she, "he is old, and no match for Pietro. Do not be cast down, my dear Antonio; let not such foolish talk distress you."

"It is not that which makes me unhappy," replied Antonio, "no man in his senses could imagine such wickedness. But I have been a cruel friend to thee, Maddelena, and yet I love thee better than my life. I have condemned thee to poverty. Thy father was right when he opposed our union. But it is not too late yet—I will no longer deceive myself or wrong you and the little ones—I will paint no more. And yet it is hard to renounce that, which next to thyself has been my joy; but no matter—it is all deception; fool that I was to believe myself inspired! I, who have never seen the works of the great Michael Angelo! Thank Heaven it is not too late—I will cut wood, or drudge in the potteries. My poor Maddelena! methinks thou lookest pale—ah, thine has been a hard lot—I have sat at my easel from morning till night; and what have I done, but paint canvass and wood? and because I had never seen any of the great masters, truly I thought myself inspired. But it is over, dearest; I will toil for thee with these hands at the most menial offices. I will paint no more. Yet, after the long wearisome day is over, surely I may sit by thy side, and imagine such scenes and such beings as I once loved to paint; this cannot be wrong, and it will be my recreation. Ah, dear wife, sometimes I have such blessed visions! they are not of this earth! the time will come when

we may feed our souls on beauty, and not go hungry for it. Who calls? Did not some one speak?"*

"No one, dear," said Maddelena; "there is nobody here but myself."

"Then I was dreaming; I thought some body said 'Antonio,' in a faint, low whisper. There is no air here I think: what has come over me? Maddelena, put your hand upon my forehead; there, now I am better. I see the trees through the window, and the blessed light—just now it was dark, all dark! I am very weak, but I will toil for thee and my children. Thy father shall not say again, 'Come home to me, my child; Antonio does not care for thee.'"

The tears of the young wife fell on the fair, curling locks of her husband, as she pressed his head to her bosom.

"O, my father," she ejaculated, "what a heart hast thou pierced." Then, suddenly rallying her spirits, she said, in a gay tone, "How long is it, husband, since thou hast considered my father such a judge of painting? Were he Raphael or the great Michael Angelo himself, methinks thou couldst not pay greater deference to his judgment: he is a good man, and a true man; but what knows he of painting? and yet there was a voice that spoke to his heart, when he beheld thy Madonna: did he not shed tears, and say 'Thy art will lead thee to immortality?'"

"Ah, Maddelena!" exclaimed Antonio, "were it not for thine, and our children's sake, I would gladly go to the land of immortality. My life has been full of illusions. I believed myself inspired—but it is over—I will finish this piece and take it to Parma, and then farewell, farewell, beloved art!"

"Nay, dearest husband, thou knowest it was for thy noble

* Lanzi thus quotes Annibal Carracci as writing of Coreggio nearly a century after. "It grieves me to the heart, only to think of the unhappiness of the poor Antonio; that so great a man, if indeed he were a man, and not an incarnate angel, should be lost here in a country, where he was not known and exalted to the stars, should nevertheless die in misery."

heart I loved thee; thou hast no right to renounce it; it was that which won my heart: you are sick, you are weary, you will feel differently when you have rested. If you are not a painter, God has not sent one upon the earth. And why do you talk of poverty: are those poor who have all they want? When I see you well, and can look upon your beautiful paintings, I am the happiest being in the world. How exquisite is that Madonna! there is more of heaven than earth in that face; that smile too—it is like the song of the angels; it proclaims peace and good-will to men. Would we could keep this picture ourselves; I know not how to part with it. Antonio, you have never made me a bridal present; such a one as this were worthy of our affection."

"You know, Maddelena, I have engaged it to Signor Vecchina."

"Then it must go, and I will live upon the remembrance of it."

"Dost thou indeed prize it so highly?" said Antonio, in a voice of emotion: "then I will paint one more, and it shall be *thine*."

"Blessings on thee!" said Maddelena, encircling him with her arms, "now I have got back again my own Antonio."

At that moment Giovanni rushed in. "Father," he exclaimed, "here is a brave gentleman coming; just such a one as you make in some of your pictures."

A stranger entered, and both rose to receive him. "Is it to Antonio Allegri," said he, courteously advancing, "that I am speaking?"

"That, sir," exclaimed Antonio, "is my name."

"I came," said the stranger, "to see the artist who painted the picture of *la Notte* in the church of Coreggio, and you are he!"

"Yes, sir, but you find it little worth seeing."

"Not worth seeing! It is the perfection of painting—and yet more, of poetry; the supernatural light which streams

from the child, and irradiates the picture, is truly divine. The face of the virgin mother, Raphael would have admired. I was dazzled with the beauty, and, like the female who shades her eyes with her hand, unable to bear the splendour; I, too, for a moment, closed my eyes, and opened them to turn to the eastern horizon, where a new morning was just rising on the world."

"Ah! it were well for me if I had never painted. I have all my life been walking in clouds; but the mist is clearing—I have wasted a great deal of time—this would not be much matter, if I had not injured my family by it; but this picture that I am now completing, and one other which I have just promised, will be my last. I have but little heart to paint them."

"You say you have injured your family; have you not been recompensed for your services? You have painted many pieces: there are the cupolas at Parma, in fresco; the St. Jerome, which is termed the 'prince of pictures.' There, too, is the flight into Egypt; ah, how beautiful is that picture! the Virgin seated on the ground, holding the cup to the angel, who pours water into it from a vase! Against her knee leans the youthful Saviour, receiving in one hand the dates which Joseph has just pulled from the tree, and seizing with the other, in playful earnestness, the unoccupied arm of his mother, in his desire to drink. Above these, that exquisite group of angels, rejoicing in the safety of the holy family! This is only one of the admirable pictures I have seen from you; is it possible, sir, that you have not been recompensed for them?"

"Yes, sir, I have received perhaps more than they deserve, but it is all little enough for us to live upon. I thought myself an artist, but I have discovered that I am ignorant of the principles of the art. I have never been to Rome or Florence; I have never seen the works of Leonardo da Vinci, of Michael Angelo, and Raphael, nor of his distinguished pupil, Julio

Romano; I drank only at the fountain of nature, and the stream is dried up. Ah, sir, self-taught artists, like myself, make but poor pictures; but it is over—I have done—Maddelena loves me, and for her sake I shall paint one more."

"Did not the gentleness and sincerity of your manner convince me otherwise, I should think you were jesting," said the stranger. "You certainly are born for the art; and for ages to come, the glory which your pictures shed will cast a halo round your name. You must pardon my freedom; but believe me, your intention wrongs the world. Hear my prediction; the artist who painted *la Notte*, St. Jerome, and this very Madonna, will one day rank with Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Raphael."

"Sir, I thank you for your kindness—it is the food upon which I live; the tenderness of my wife has long supported my drooping spirit—I think I was not made to live here—this is a hard world; but I do not mean to complain; I have met with many noble hearts, and I will remember yours amongst them. But indeed, sir, it pains me that you should mention those great names in connection with my humble attempts. I might have done better with instruction and the study of the best artists; but, with the exception of one noble picture of Julio Romano's, I have had no model for emulation. That picture was my day-dream: you will smile, sir, but I named my second son Julio, for the great artist."

"Is it possible?" said the stranger, with emotion: "he is inferior to you in the beauties of the art."

"Ah, sir, you do not know what you say; he is the beloved pupil of the great Raphael, and the friend of Michael Angelo."

"It were strange if I did not know," said the artist. "Look, Antonio, this medallion was given me by my beloved master; it is the head of Raphael, and you behold before you the most devoted of his scholars, Julio himself."

"Holy angels!" exclaimed Antonio, "then it is to Julio

himself I have been speaking!" and overcome by the events of the day, by his own emotions, and the extreme delicacy of his health, he sank, fainting, upon a seat. Maddelena supported him in her arms. "Ah, sir," said she, "my poor husband is very ill. He cannot bear surprise; he has been cruelly agitated this morning."

In a few moments he recovered. The deathly paleness remained, but the gentleness of his expression returned. "You see, sir," said he, "how weak I am; I have been subject to these turns of late. It seems to me sometimes that brighter glories are opening, and I hear soft angel voices speaking to me; but I am very weak. You greatly encourage me, sir, by thinking I ought still to continue my beloved occupation. I should languish without it; and yet I could become a hewer of wood for the sake of my wife and children."

"Ah, sir," said Julio, sorrowfully, "the inadequate recompense you have received for your noble art, will be a subject of regret for after ages; but you will no longer be unrewarded. Part of my errand was to engage as many pictures for Signor Luciano Pallavicino as you are willing to promise: his wealth and liberality go hand-in-hand, and he offers such prices as Michael Angelo and Raphael command. I will conduct you to Rome myself; change of scene and climate will restore your health."

"I know not how to thank you as I ought," replied Antonio, "for all this kindness. I will leave it for another day. I believe I must retire: happiness is as overpowering as grief, and I have experienced the extremes of both this morning." He retired, and Maddelena remained.

The soul of Julio Romano was melted with tenderness towards Antonio. "How long has he been indisposed?" inquired he.

"It is many months," said Maddelena. "I fear he is not long for this world," added she, weeping: "often his spirit seems to take its flight upward, and I tremble lest it should

not return again. He is unable to sustain the injuries which noble minds are often doomed to meet. He says most truly he is not made for this world: he had been through a trying scene, before you came, and I know not which overcame him most, unmerited censure, or your generous praise."

On leaving the humble dwelling, the Roman artist immediately wrote to Michael Angelo, who had desired him to visit Antonio at Coreggio; a part of his letter is preserved.

"I have seen the Allegri as you desired; he is himself as charming as his pictures. Shame on the world! he is in poverty, abject poverty! and, though ignorant of his wonderful powers, he yet feels the divinity stir within him. He has a young wife, beautiful like the Virgin in his great fresco of the Ascension. But I forget that you have not seen it. He certainly does not possess the science of the *mighty Florentine to whom we all bow;* but he is a man to rank by the side of Raphael, my beloved and immortal master: perhaps he may not possess his exquisite classic grace, which I strive in vain to imitate; but there is in his pictures such breathing life, such an angelic spirituality, and such a masterly use of chiaroscuro, as you cannot find in any but the first masters. In his pictures, as in his mind, there seems to be no boundary between heaven and earth—they are both one: his angels hover like familiar spirits around his celestial Madonnas, and for these Madonnas he has his model upon earth, his young wife. Heaven looks out from her downcast eyes, that are sometimes raised to his with earnest and thoughtful tenderness. He undoubtedly derives much of the perfect naturalness of his Madonnas from this earthly model; and yet it is evident that, though of earth, she is *not* earthly."

It was several days before Antonio recovered from the agitation his feeble frame had endured. But the sweetest serenity took possession of his soul; his eyes sparkled with un-

wonted lustre; his wife, his children, were constantly around him. "Did I not say," said Maddelena, "that God had not made a painter, if thou wert not one?"

"I rejoice for thy sake, dearest," replied Antonio, "that I listened to the voice of my own soul, when many warned me against self-delusion. Do you remember the painting of Raphael's that I saw for a moment? You smiled, yes, as you do now, when I exclaimed, I too am a painter!"*

"I remember it well," said Maddelena; "it was before my father had given his consent to our union. Thou didst not then know how much I loved thee!"

"Perhaps it had been well for thee had I never known it."

"And who told thee at last? Not I, Tonio," said Maddelena, playfully; "but it was easy for thee to discover what I could not conceal, even from Pietro. I never said to thee; *I love*: that is the language of beginners. I left thee to spell it out; and well didst thou con thy lesson."

"Too well! how can I atone for the privations I have caused thee? Thy father is right."

"If thou wert not sick and weak to-day, Antonio," said Maddelena, "I would scold thee well; but," added she, more seriously, "even if it were true that I had wanted any of the necessaries of life, has not thy affection repaid me tenfold? But it is only the luxuries we have wanted. Dost thou read famine or sorrow in the faces of thy children? Come hither, Nicolo and Julio."

The boys left their play, and sprung forward at their mother's call, their innocent faces beaming with health and gaiety. "Ah! husband, pray Heaven that we may be as happy in our affluence as we have been in our poverty. Were it not for thy toil, I would wish no change. When thou art the companion of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and the great ones of the earth, thou must not be ashamed of thy Maddelena, nor of her poor father, who has made his wealth by

* Anch' io sono pittore.

moulding jars and pipkins; but I will go to him and tell him of this visit, and what the great Julio Romano says of thee: he loves thee, Tonio, though he has no conception of thy divine art."

On the wings of affection the young wife again sought her father's dwelling. Nicolo truly rejoiced at Antonio's fair prospects, and promised over and over again not to have any intercourse with the malicious Pietro; yet at night, when he went to see his daughter, he could not resist stopping to tell him of Antonio's good fortune!

The next morning the artist determined to take his picture to Vecchina. It was eight miles to Parma, and he had not money to hire a carriage. A mule-driver offered him, for a few paoli, a mule, which he accepted, but found riding more fatiguing than walking. When he arrived, Vecchina was absent. He received, however, his sixty crowns in copper coin, a common mode of payment at that period. After resting a short time he determined to return on foot. It was several hours before night would arrive, and he could walk slow, and rest often by the way. He had not proceeded many miles before he found himself exhausted by the weight of his coin, and he lay down in the beautiful woods between Parma and Coreggio, and slept. When he awoke it was evening, and the moon had just risen. Again he arose, and slowly proceeded, but his lungs were oppressed, and he struggled heavily for breath. "O for a draught of water!" he exclaimed, "one draught!" What music broke upon his ear? It was the sound of a waterfall. "I am near it," said he, "and near Coreggio!" With new courage he reached the stream and placed his mouth to it. How refreshing to the weary artist; his tender and watchful friend was not there to whisper caution: eagerly he swallowed the draught. Alas! the bubbling life-blood rose to meet it, and poured from his mouth—a vessel had broken! With this, however, came relief; he breathed more freely. "I shall yet reach home," he exclaimed, "I shall

yet see Maddelena and her children, and deposit this coin with them, which has no value but for their sakes." When he attempted to rise he found himself yet too weak; a sleepiness came over him, and he again reclined by the side of the fountain. How beautiful was the scene! the moon pouring its silver light through the foliage, the gentle murmuring of the waterfall, the soft whispering of the trees, the cool, damp breeze that played on the hectic cheek of the artist. "Farewell!" he exclaimed, "farewell Maddelena, I shall meet thee again in the land of spirits!" Was it a dream, that his head once more rested on her lap, that her soft cheek was pressed to his, that he again heard the accents of her voice? and that sound of "Father, dear father, we have found you!" Could it indeed be Giovanni that spoke?

Unable to bear the tedious suspense of his delay, she had wandered forth to meet him with her children. She had found him! One last, one long embrace, and the meeting was over; the spirit had fled to its kindred land. Coreggio died at the age of thirty-nine, in the year 1513.

GIORGIONE AND TIZIANO.

In that city which sits enthroned upon the Adriatic, and which is so justly called its queen, with her spires and domes, her marble palaces and gorgeous buildings rising from the water, there might be daily seen, among innumerable long dark gondolas, gliding with spirit-like motion through her hundred canals, one small boat, containing two cavaliers. It was in the year 1497. Venice was in her glory. No foreign power had desolated her churches—her commerce was as free as the winds and waves—the spoils of Constantinople, and of many victories, adorned her halls and public buildings—her nobles, with stately step, traversed her squares, or, in their dark gondolas, glided with haughty luxury among the innumerable isles. In the far distance, the hoary Alps raised their snow-crowned heads, and looked proudly down on the peerless sovereign of the Adriatic, while the green and fertile plains of *Lombardo-Venetia* lay stretched between.

Every morning a boat, containing the two cavaliers before alluded to, shot from under the noble arch of the Rialto, and glided upon the water with a quiet motion soothing to the beholder.

The gondoliers rested on their oars, to listen to the music that proceeded from the boat. One of the young men drew from a flute rich, full tones of harmony, while the voice of the other prolonged the cadence till sound melted into air.

Suddenly he seized a lute, and sung the following lay im-

promptu, and now and then accompanying his voice with the instrument:—*

The waves in murmurs softly flow,
The winds from heaven gently blow;
How still upon the ocean's breast
Yon beauteous island seems to rest!
By many a sparkling gem 'tis bound,
An emerald set with brilliants round;
Tranquil and calm thou seest it lie,
"A cloud upon a summer's sky;"
And yet I ween the swelling tide
"Will rudely dash against its side:"
I warn the loiterer beware:
Danger and death are lurking there!
Thou wilt not heed? then hear my lay,
And spread thy sail, and haste away.

The morning was bright,
And flowers were blooming;
The grass waved high,
The air perfuming.

"Awake, my love!" the bridegroom cried,
"My bark is dancing on the tide;
A sailor's wife must love the sea:
Awake, my love, and come with me,
And thou my polar star shall be."

And what was Genevieve's emotion
When borne upon the faithless ocean?
I cannot tell. Perhaps 'twas fear
That wet her cheek with many a tear;
And yet methinks her heart was gay,
For smiles oft chased those tears away.

"And sad," she said, "I will not be;
My path is marked upon the sea,
And there is One, whose eye will keep
The vigils when thine own shall sleep;
He locks the caverns of the deep,
And holds alike the sea and land
Within the hollow of his hand."
How sweet to land upon this isle,
And rest from noon-day beams awhile!

* These lines have been before published.

And now the mariner once more
Must spread his sail for yonder shore;
But Genevieve, in sportive play
Declared her purpose was to stay,
"I cannot go," she said, "with thee;
Queen of this island I will be.
Go, if thou wilt, to yonder shore,
And when thy duty there is o'er,
Perhaps when thou com'st back again,
I'll make thee my high chamberlain."

Again he spread the snowy sail;
It fluttered in the rising gale;
The mountain waters rudely cast
The foaming spray upon the blast;
His little bark was widely driven
Before the scattering winds of heaven.
One blessed thought could still relieve—
"My wife is safe, my Genevieve!"
That mighty voice which can at will
Command the tempest to be still,
Hushed the rude sea, the rainbow spread,
Like a bright halo, o'er his head;
Again he plied the lab'ring oar
To reach the emerald isle once more.

The minstrel ceased, and dropped his head,
"Though fifty years have passed," he said,
"These scalding tears will still be shed;
The waters o'er the isle had swept,
And in its hollows yet they slept.
My time is short, I will not grieve—
I soon shall join my Genevieve!"

"Who are those cavaliers?" said the Count Grimani, when the song had ceased, and his gondola had passed them. "I have seen them every day, for many weeks; sometimes their boat is moored, and twice I have met them, arm in arm, on the Rialto."

"I know them, my lord," said one of the Pregadi, who happened to be of the party.* They are pupils of Giovanni

* In the early times of Venice, the Doge sent messages to such citizens as he chose, praying them to come and give their advice. The were called Pregadi.

Bellini. The taller of the two, he with the dark eye and noble bearing, is Giorgione, of Castel-Franco; the other is Tiziano Vecelli. Though widely separated by birth—for one is of noble and the other of plebeian extraction—they are sworn friends."

"It is easy," said the Count, "to distinguish between the two."

"The Senator smiled; he had himself been selected from among the citizens for his republican virtue, not for his birth.

"Which of the two, my lord," said he, "bears the stamp of nobility?"

"The improvisatore whom you call Giorgione," replied the Count. "There is no base blood in that lofty mien! observe the contour of his head, the glance of his eye; there is nobility in one, and bravery in the other."

"Have you never found, my lord," said the Senator, "that nature has her caprices, and sometimes chooses to bestow her gifts where birth and rank have no claims?"

"Never," said the Count. "I am not a young man or a transient observer, and through my whole life I have never seen one of ignoble extraction endowed with the external signs of high birth."

"Il Signor Giorgione, however, is an exception to this rule," replied the Senator, with evident satisfaction; "it is he who is of ignoble birth, and Signor Tiziano Vecelli belongs to a noble family!"

The Count Grimani bit his lip, and turned hastily away.

The Senator continued: "Tiziano was born at Cadore, in Friuli, about five miles from the chain of Alps; I think in the year 1477, which makes him just upon his fourth lustre. He belongs to the ancient family of Vecelli, and I assure you, my lord, gives evidence that he is not unworthy of his origin. The taste for music that he early discovered, and the fine voice, of which you have just heard specimens, induced his father to send him to Venice, to the care of an uncle, that he

might be instructed scientifically in music. Richly, however, as nature had endowed him in this respect, he soon discovered a taste and fondness for painting, that made him resolve to devote himself to it. His uncle, by the consent of his father, placed him with Bellini, and there he formed his friendship with Giorgione, which grew into intimacy, and they are now never to be seen apart."

"It would seem," said the Count, "that you are well acquainted with these young men."

"Yes, my lord," replied the Senator, "Tiziano is the son of my sister, and I am the uncle to whom he was entrusted."

"Had I borne this relation to him," said the Count, proudly, "I would have nipped this youthful friendship in the bud. There is nothing more imprudent than forming connections early in life, which it becomes necessary to dissolve as we advance. Fortunately for myself, I have suffered but little on this account. While an infant I was betrothed to a noble scion of our own stock. Educated by a learned monk in the castello of my father, I have never associated except with our own race. By this means I have escaped the contagion that lingers still in our Venice, so falsely called a *Republic*."

"Your sentiments, my lord, illustrate your education," said the Senator, suppressing a smile.

The Count condescended to make a gracious bow in answer to this observation, and then added, "If yon wish to introduce this young man to me, as a patron and encourager of the fine arts, I shall be happy to see him at my levee, and will receive him with the courtesy due to a nephew of one of the Pregadi."

Signor Altoni hesitated for a moment whether to accept this haughty permission; but, reflecting that the favour of rank and wealth might hereafter be of essential service to his nephew, he determined to do so.

"You say," said the Count, "that your nephew is a pupil

of Bellini's; which of the Bellinis? may I ask. I understand there are two."

"There are," replied Altoni; "Gentil and Giovanni, both sons of Giacomo; and, if I have any skill in painting, they will be the founders of a Venetian school.* My nephew is the pupil of Giovanni. Gentil, who painted the hall of the Great Council, has just returned from Constantinople, where he was invited by Mahomet, second Emperor of the Turks. He painted several things much to the satisfaction of the Turk; but at length the old fellow undertook to turn critic, and found fault with the Decollation of St. John the Baptist, insisting that the skin of the neck, where it had been separated from the head, was too high. Bellini maintained the correctness of his picture stoutly, and the Emperor, to convince him that the criticism was just, ordered a slave to be brought, and his head to be struck off in Gentil's presence, that he might see what was the natural effect after the separation. The poor painter was convinced at once, and gave up his argument; but, unable to bear the sight of the critic after this circumstance took place, he asked leave to quit Constantinople."

"He was fortunate in being permitted to return," exclaimed the Duke.

"He was not only permitted, but the Grand Signior put a gold chain upon his neck, and loaded him with costly presents. He also wrote a letter by him to the Senate, recommending him to their favour, and they have conferred upon him, in compliment to the *kind-hearted* Emperor, the order of St. Mark, with a pension for life. He is now painting several views of the city, particularly of the square of St. Mark; and the beautiful Madonna, with two cherubs hovering over her,† is his work."

"I have not been fond of mingling with the lower order,"

* This, it is well known, they were.

† To be seen in the Academy at Venice.

said the noble Venetian; "but as I wish to procure gems of art, I shall be obliged to you, to introduce me to some of the best workmen in this kind of business."

"With pleasure, my lord," replied Signor Altoni, as the gondola approached the marble steps that led to the palace of Grimani. There they quitted the boat, and the Count, with stately motion, ascended to the colonnade and entered the lofty halls of his ancestors, while the Senator returned home.

"My dear Tiziano," said he to his nephew, "I have an invitation for you to the Grimani palace to-morrow eve."

"I have an engagement with Giorgione," replied Titian.

"Nay, but you must give the precedence to mine. Grimani is one of the richest nobles of Venice, and Venice is no longer what she was in the uncorrupted days of the republic. The aristocracy now has come to rule, and talents must curry favour. Alas, for our beloved city! She is still glorious, and her possessions extensive—she has wise and enlightened magistrates; but they who know how to read the history of nations, look forward to the period when the queen of the Adriatic will be shorn of her honours, her crown sink into the sea, her palaces crumble to ruins, and these balconies, now crowded by forms of youth and beauty, become silent and desolate, the long moss and waving grass hanging from the disjointed stones and Ionic columns."*

"My dear uncle," replied Titian, "methinks your imagination has snatched the reins from your judgment. So far as my knowledge of history extends, there never was a period when Venice more proudly wielded her sceptre. Petrarch, one of the greatest poets of Italy, has here deposited his works. Cardinal Bessarione has given to the library of St. Mark his inestimable treasures of ancient learning. By such gifts, distinguished and wise men prove how much they rely upon the stability of our government, as well as upon the taste for literature among the nobility. No where is such encourage-

* Such is Venice now.

ment given to the fine arts. Some of the most important territories of Italy have yielded their supremacy to Venice; even the wife of the last King of Cyprus, Catharine Cornaro, has ceded that beautiful country to her native republic. Venice is rich, powerful, and honoured, with a people devoted to art and science, sending forth counsellors of law to other nations, and solicited to furnish professors and teachers for their universities. Have you heard of the offer they have made to Giason Maino at Padua?—an annuity of a thousand ducats of gold, if he will become a teacher there of the Roman law."

"All this is true," replied Altoni, "and more you might say. You might speak of the inflexibility with which justice has been administered, of the dark vacancy among the portraits of the Doges, with its inscription,* of the fortitude of the unfortunate Foscari, and his still more unfortunate father.† But none the less does it remain true, that Venice is no longer a republic, except in the name." He arose, and carefully closed the doors and windows; then, lowering his voice, added, "there is one thing that paralyzes and enslaves the people, that is fast undermining the foundation of liberty and justice;" his voice sunk to the lowest whisper—"the Inquisition, Tiziano! May God defend us from it!"

Titian started at the fearful word. "We are growing too serious," replied he, "but I will hold myself to your engagement:" and they parted.

Titian repaired to the apartment of Giorgione; he found him engaged in painting a picture of David, with a boy standing by, holding up the severed head of Goliath. Around the room were scattered musical instruments, songs, and flowers; his time was divided between his profession and the tasteful and elegant pursuits of the day. His personal beauty, his performance on the lute, with his fame as a painter, had

* "Locus Marini Falieri decapitati."

† The Doge of Venice, who exhorted his innocent son to submit patiently to the dungeon and the rack, because such were the laws of the country.

already drawn upon him the eyes of many a Venetian dame, sparkling from under the graceful zendaletto which partially covered her face.

"I have come," said Titian, "to release myself from the engagement I made this morning: my uncle claims my attendance at the Grimani palace."

A shade of vexation passed over the countenance of Giorgione. "You forget," said he, "that you have pledged yourself to the fete of Signora Mozza. Her beautiful daughter depends on you for a second, and the duetto must remain unperformed if you are not there."

"It is vexatious enough," replied Titian, "but I am under too many obligations to my uncle not to consider his wish a law. But what are you doing there, Giorgione?" continued he, approaching a painting that stood on an easel in the corner of the room.

"I scarcely need say to you," replied Giorgione, "that I have been dissatisfied with the dry, harsh manner of master Bellini; and, since we saw that picture of Leonardo da Vinci's, I have been attempting to imitate his manner."*

"It is beautiful," exclaimed Titian; "there is all the softness of the mighty artist. I have long felt how much was wanting in my own style. I hear Leonardo is the idol of Florence."

The friends parted: in Giorgione's manner there was less of cordiality than usual. The fair Guilietta di Mozza had long been the mistress of his heart: it was by his persuasion she had been induced to overcome so far her native timidity, as to take part in a piece with Titian, and he had fondly anticipated the melting strains which his own lute was to prelude. Titian, his most intimate friend, his confidant, knew all this, yet with

* Aveva veduto Giorgione alcune cose di mani di Lionardo, molto fumeggiate e cacciate, come si è detto, terribilmente di scuro. E questa maniera gli piaque tanto, che mentre visse sempre andò dietro a quella, e nel colorito a olio la imitò grandemente.

perfect coolness he had broken his engagement, and, as far as the duetto was concerned, had condemned that voice of harmony to silence for the evening.

Yet, how could Titian, who had never been initiated in the mysteries of a first love, understand the feelings of his friend? He was even tempted to smile at what he considered the excessive disappointment of Giorgione. From this slight cause began the diminution of the friendship that had hitherto made so much of their happiness: other circumstances, however, were combined. Titian improved upon the hints of Giorgione, and, aided by his fine natural perception of colouring, produced works of such brilliancy and softness, that his fame eclipsed that of Giorgione. His uncle's worldly foresight, too, had proved true. His introduction to the Grimani palace had drawn upon him the observation of the nobles; even the haughty Count condescended to sit for his picture; and it was whispered that one being, less haughty and more lovely, in the aristocratic group, had looked with complacency upon the young artist.

From this period, the society in which he continued to visit was separate from that of Giorgione: they now seldom met, except in the way of business. Both were engrossed in their pursuits. Giorgione, notwithstanding his passionate love of music, contrived to improve in the new manner he had adopted. There was a grandeur in his conceptions that Titian never reached: it was neither in the eye nor the hand, but the soul. It was he who first soared from the low manner of Bellini's colouring, to a full understanding and command of the beauties of the chiaroscuro: Titian followed.

At this period, the two artists might be said to divide the opinions of the Venetians. At length they were applied to, to paint the building where the merchants met, on the grand canal. Giorgione took one side, and Titian another. The pieces were done in competition. Both are now ruined by time, and at that period did not settle the question.

Titian at length visited Rome, where he first beheld the works of Michael Angelo and Raphael. Here he took lessons in design, and afterwards went to Vicenza, and executed a fresco upon a portico, representing the judgment of Solomon, and was highly praised. He also visited Padua, and painted a St. Mark in oil.

Giorgione in the meantime continued to labour, unassisted by models or instruction, and resting on his own grandeur of conception. He painted several fine Madonnas, and some portraits. His fame spread over Italy, and his works were in great demand in various cities.

In 1504 an alarming fire broke out in Venice near the Rialto; it could not be extinguished till a great part of the German warehouse with its merchandize was consumed. The government ordered it to be rebuilt with superior magnificence. Giorgione was appointed to superintend the embellishments, and discovered his fine taste in the ornaments and fresco paintings.

Genius and industry secured to him the distinction which birth had denied him. His portraits were his most admired works, and those which remain to us are characterized by a mellow richness of colouring, a breadth of effect, and projection of figures, which perhaps have never been equalled, unless by his great rival and fellow-student, Titian. In his portraits of military men, there is a grandeur and heroism of mien, which has been much admired and imitated, and has given rise to what is called the *Giorgione style.*

Catherine Carnaro, the ex-Queen of Cyprus,* had, since her abdication, resided almost wholly in solitude, though treated with every mark of respect by the Venetians. Her taste for

* The island of Cyprus had been given to Lusignan by the Crusaders, who won it from the Barbarians; but he, foreseeing, as his death approached, that it would be subject to the constant annoyance of the Turks, with admirable good sense requested Catherine to yield the crown, and renounce the honours of royalty, and place herself under the protection of her native republic, Venice; assuring her that a sceptre was well exchanged for peace and friend-

painting had made her acquainted with the works of Giorgione. She consented to sit for her picture, and selected him for the artist.

He became the favourite portrait painter of the nobility. Even the Count Grimani waived his low birth, and admitted him, as he had before done Titian, to the Grimani palace.

Giorgione was no longer poor and unknown; he had his conversaziones and musical parties, and he was the delight of his friends; his house became the resort of gay cavaliers, and distinguished foreigners; among them were often Ariosto and Aretina, the well-known poets of Italy.

In the year 1511 Titian returned to Venice. He had, while absent, thought much of the advantage he had derived from Giorgione's skill in painting, of their early friendship, and the love that had once existed between them; his heart yearned for a reconciliation; he felt that there had been mutual faults, that jealousy and rivalship had too long separated them, and he determined to seek his friend, and acknowledge wherein he had been to blame. He knew too well the noble nature of Giorgione to fear a repulse.

He arrived at Venice the day before Ascension, a day celebrated by the Republic since the year 997, when the victory was gained over Narenta, a piratical city on the other side of the Adriatic. The early commemoration was in a rude, simple manner; but, nearly two hundred years after, the emperor Barbarossa conferred on the Venetians the supremacy of the Adriatic. The investiture was made with much

ship. One of the most beautiful of Titian's pictures is that of Catherine Cornaro; it is still preserved in its original freshness.

Addison, in an admirable paper on temperance, mentions Lewis Cornaro, the Venetian, as a most remarkable instance of its benefits. He was of the same family as Lusignan, and of an infirm constitution, but, persisting in an exact course of temperance, recovered a perfect state of health, insomuch that at fourscore he published a book under the title of "Sure and certain methods of attaining a long and healthy life." After having passed his hundredth year, he died without pain or agony, and like one who falls asleep."—*Spectator*, No. 195.

formality, on Ascension Day, and added to the pomp of the occasion. Barbarossa, repudiating his beloved Adriatic, made her over to the Doge, who espoused his "green-haired bride" with much solemnity. A boat was constructed to take the Doge to the bridal ceremony, in the beginning of the fourteenth century: every anniversary had been adding to the splendour of the festival; and, at the present time, 1511, nothing could exceed the show and decoration which was in preparation.

Titian felt impatient for the reconciliation he had projected between himself and Giorgione; but, sure of meeting him on the great day, he did not repair to his house immediately on his arrival. The morning of Ascension Day arose mild and clear,—all Venice was in motion.

The day was ushered in by music and ringing of bells, and the Bucentoro taken from under cover. The sun shone on her gorgeous ornaments, her three decks, each one hundred feet long, all appropriately ornamented; the lower deck was occupied by nearly one hundred rowers, and surrounded by towing barges; the second splendidly fitted up with crimson velvet, cloth of gold, allegorical statues, gilt bassi-relievi and trophies, heathen gods and goddesses, with canonized saints and madonnas. On one side might be seen Venus rising from the ocean; on the other, the Virgin Mother; then representations of the victories of the republic, and Jupiter yielding his sceptre, and Neptune his trident, to the lovely queen of the Adriatic.

All that was noble in Venice,—all that was high in rank, beauty, wealth, and talent, were convened on this occasion. At the upper end of the Bucentoro* was placed a throne, under a canopy of crimson and gold. The bridegroom of the Adriatic, clad in his ermine robes, sweeping the ground, with his white and gold cap on his head, accompanied by the

* Said to be a corruption of the original name, *Ducentorum*.

senators and clergy, was conducted to the throne. The Bucentoro was then rowed a little way into the sea, attended by the splendid yachts of the foreign ambassadors, the gondolas of the Venetian nobility, and the water covered with innumerable galleys of every kind. When all was ready, the venerable patriarch, the Pope's legate, or representative, poured a libation of holy water into the ocean, for the preservation of the fine weather, and to dispel any storm that might be gathering. Hymns were sung, and a band of music played, while the pageant slowly moved towards the island of St. Lido, about two miles from Venice. Prayers were then said, and the Doge, with solemn dignity, approached nearer to his bride, and dropped a wedding-ring on the consecrated wave, uttering these words, in an emphatic tone:—

"Desponsamus te, Mare, in signum veri perpetuique dominii."*

The sea uttered a low murmur, much more captivating to the bridegroom and his attendants, than would have been a more boisterous assent.

Titian had been wholly engrossed by the ceremony; for, though one annually witnessed, it always preserved its interest and solemnity among the Venetians. Now, however, he began to seek for Giorgione among the numerous pageants of the show.

"Surely, he must be there; for, when was he absent from the national festival, the dance, and the song?" said Titian to himself. When lo! he beheld a yacht, gaily dressed, and wreathed with flowers, while the burnished gold at the head and prow gave it the appearance of a ball of fire. A strain of slow and solemn music was heard from the boat, strangely contrasting with its gala dress.

As he approached nearer, he perceived a banner waving in

* We espouse thee, O Sea, in sign of true and perpetual dominion over thee.

the air, and distinguished the initials of Giorgione's name. "Ha!" thought he, "this is some new whim; he will never be contented till he has divine honours paid him."

Titian ordered the gondoliers to row alongside of the yacht, and plainly distinguished the following irregular dirge, accompanied by musical instruments:—

The song of the bridal is swelling,
But the fête of the bridegroom is o'er.
Hark! the death-bell its note is knelling,
Sadly it comes from the distant shore.
We go from the bridal with flower and tear,
To weep by the side of the pale one's bier.

Strike, strike the lute, all faint and low,
For it knows its master's will;
The flute in whispering accents blow,
For the master's breath is still.

The sad notes of sorrow are blending
With the gay festive song of the sea;
And slow o'er the wave we are wending;
'Tis to pay our last tribute to thee.

Titian waited till the music ceased and silence succeeded. He then asked if Giorgione was on board the yacht. The gondoliers shook their heads. At that moment a tall, pale youth came forward; at one glance Titian knew him, it was Ludovico Ariosto. He who had sung "Le donne, i cavalier, l'arme, gli amori." In an instant he sprang from the gondola, and the friends were in each other's arms.

"When did you arrive in Venice?" was the first question of Titian.

"I came from Ferrara a few days since," replied Ariosto, "and inquired for you, but heard you were absent."

"Still I find you in the land of song," said Titian, gaily; "but whose obsequies are you celebrating thus festively?"

Ariosto looked earnestly at him, and then exclaimed, "Shall wealth and pride have its honours, and genius receive none? Every noble, and every patrician in Venice has at

least given one thought to-day to Giorgione. To-night we perform his funeral obsequies, and cast aside this glare and pomp, contrived to arrest the vulgar. Go with us, Titian; I know you and Giorgione were friends at heart, and there is no rivalship in the grave."

Rivalship! what would not Titian have given to have had one interview with his early friend, to have exchanged forgiveness! But it was too late, and he could only render unavailing sighs and tears to his memory.

It was weeks after this event took place before Titian recovered his usual tone of spirits; and Ariosto persuaded him to pass some time with him at his house in Ferrara. Here he was much noticed by the Duke of Ferrara, and invited to stay at his palace; but he preferred remaining with Ariosto, who lived in a simple manner in a small house of his own building. The Duke had made him splendid offers, as also had Leo X.; but the poet loved ease better than rank, and said he would "not sell his liberty for a cardinal's hat."

Titian expressed to him some surprise that he had not built a more splendid dwelling. "You," said he, "who have given such descriptions in your Orlando, of palaces and castles, of noble colonnades and marble fountains, must surely have some taste for them."

"Yes," replied he, "I love to describe them; but words are more easily put together than blocks of marble."

"What think you of the inscription over my door?" continued he.

Titian had not observed it—it was in Latin, and may be thus translated:—

"My house is small, but suits myself;
Is neat, and paid for with my pelf."

While staying with Ariosto, Titian painted a fine picture of him.*

* This is in the Hall of St. Mark.

In the Orlando Furioso, Titian is celebrated as conferring not less honor on Cadore, his native place, than Raphael and Giorgione on Venice and Urbino.*

When Titian returned to Venice, he was requested to complete a picture that Giorgione had left unfinished. This was a renewal of those tender and remorseful feelings which had before agitated him.

The fame of Titian had now spread wide: he was requested by Bembo, the secretary of Pope Leo X., to repair to Rome; but, as he was greatly occupied, he delayed going from day to day, till the intelligence arrived of Leo's and of Raphael's death, and he then concluded to relinquish his purpose. He was requested to paint the portrait of the new Doge, Andrea Gritti, and also to copy the portraits of the preceding Doges.

In 1536 he received the news of the death of Ariosto. It is the destiny of man to mourn; and so felt Titian, as, year after year, he was called to part with his early friends.

Of his domestic connections little is said; but in his two sons he took great pleasure, and visited Rome for the purpose of introducing them to Michael Angelo. The eldest, Horatio Vecelli, discovered early a taste for painting, and finished several portraits in the style of his father; but his great delight was in chemistry, and he finally abandoned the pencil for his crucibles.

In 1566 Vasari, the friend of Titian, and afterwards his biographer, came to Venice expressly to visit him, and found him in the Barberigo palace, on the grand canal, where he resided till his death. Though then in the decline of life, there were no symptoms of infirmity or decay; his mind was bright, his movements vigorous and active. "Welcome, my friend," said he; "you have found me preparing for one of my youthful sports; we are to have a Regatta, and I know not which are most engaged in it, my boys or myself."

* E Tiziano, che onora
Non men Cador, che quei Venezia e Urbino.

Titian then ordered the gondola which he particularly patronized to be brought before the palace; proudly it moved upon the waters—its dress was fantastic, and loaded with ornaments—plumes of burnished gold glittered in the sun, and the winged lions of the republic seemed about to take their flight to the proposed goal.

"Is this merely an amusement?" said Vasari, "or is there any particular object connected with it?"

"Frequently," replied Titian, "the gondoliers challenge to a regatta. They then put up a little flag at a distance, and exert all their skill and strength to outstrip each other and obtain the prize. But every now and then a regatta is ordered by the government, who feel the importance of promoting emulation among a class of men on whom we so much depend. The competitors are chosen from among the most respectable of the gondoliers, and I assure you it is no ordinary competition."

"I am fortunate," said Vasari, "in arriving in time to witness an amusement which is peculiar to Venice, and I perceive the policy of your government in encouraging it. It is upon the principle of the ancient Peloponnesian courses."

"And scarcely less noble," said Titian; "for as a crown of oak was then the victor's reward, so a green bough is the signal and prize of the victorious gondolier."

Titian was engaged in preparing for this amusement till the day came. His easel was set aside, and his noble pictures, which were to earn him the guerdon of undying fame, seemed to him of little comparative worth.

When the morning of the regatta arrived, the grand canal was alive with boats of every description. Nothing could be more animating than the scene; the gondoliers in the gay and beautiful costume, which Titian has handed down to posterity in some of his finest pictures, each standing on his boat, with its bright prow of polished iron gleaming in the

sun, and decorated with fantastic ornaments, came forward to arrange their gondolas for starting.

Among them all, Titian's favourite was conspicuous. "Now for the prize, Valerio," exclaimed he to a young gondolier, who stood lightly balancing himself on the narrow and elevated part of the boat. "Come forward, Genevra." A dark-eyed Italian girl made her appearance, and with timid grace presented the youth the oar. Others followed her example, and every gondola seemed to contain some mother, wife, or amata, to animate the purpose of the gondoliers. "Remember," some of them exclaimed, "the victories your fathers have gained." Genevra presented the oar in silence, and with downcast eyes. Then followed the religious ceremonies; the *consecrated water* was lavishly dispersed, the signal given, and the boats in motion. The course was about four miles along the grand canal, which takes the form of the letter S. On each side were placed bands of music. The gondoliers stood on a slight elevation. Valerio's figure seemed to have attained new grace and beauty; his thin shoes enabled him to cling to the almost imperceptible footing, while the accuracy with which he poised his body, keeping only the upper part of it, with his arms in motion, gave him complete power over the boat. Nothing could exceed the elegance of his attitude, as he urged his light bark over the waves, skimming the surface of the water with the rapidity of the swallow. "Valerio will win the victory," said Vasari.

"Certainly he will," exclaimed Titian, "he has all that man can have to animate him—love and beauty."

Titian was right; Valerio was declared the victor, and returned, bearing the green bough.

During this visit, the artist introduced to Vasari one of his pupils, Tintoretto, who had fine talents in music as well as in painting. Vasari could not but admit the brilliancy of his colouring; but he considered it extravagant, and his designs out of nature; he did not at that time foresee that he and

Paolo Veroneseo, who were cotemporary, would rank with the first painters in the world, and become the glory of Venice.

Tintoretto followed the drawings of Michael Angelo, by whom he was greatly encouraged and assisted, while he adopted the beautiful colouring of his master.

The Emperor Charles V. sat three times for his picture to Titian, and said, the last time, he had "thrice been made immortal." To reward the genius who had made him so, he created the artist a Count Palatine, and gave him a pension. Henry III., in going from Poland to France, visited Venice, expressly to see Titian.

The painter had now wealth, fame, and glory; he had lived nearly a century, been acquainted with the most celebrated men of the age, was the darling of Venice, with whose habits, customs, and people, he was intimately associated. His days, in the usual course of nature, were drawing near to a close. One of his friends said to him, "You afford the singular instance of a life of unclouded happiness."

Titian replied, with a melancholy smile, "There is no such life here; but the bitterest pangs I have known have arisen from alienation of friendship, and from that rivalship and jealousy which are too common in the arts."

In 1576, the plague broke out at Venice. Titian, with his son Horace, were among the first victims. He left a painting of David unfinished; and though he was at the age of ninety-nine, it was as vigorous and spirited in its outline as any of its predecessors. The painter who was celebrated by Ariosto, the first poet of the age, now lies low in the church of St. Maria dei Frati at Venice. A marble slab covers his ashes, on which is inscribed,—

"Qui giace, il gran Tiziano di Vecelli,
Emulator de Zeusis e degli Apelli."*

* Here lies the great Titian di Vecelli,
The rival of Zeuxis and Apelles.

THE THREE CARACCI,

LODOVICO, ANNIBALE, AND AGOSTINO,

WITH THEIR SCHOOL.

In the low, confined shop of a tailor, where lay heaped up the different stuffs that composed the garments of the fifteenth century, sat a young lad, busily engaged in what appeared to be his vocation; yet it was evident, from his flushed cheek, the impatient and somewhat vexed air with which he occasionally threw back his head, that all did not go well: sometimes the memorable insignia of his employment, the *shears*, were called to his aid, and he cut and ripped without mercy; then the thimble again performed its duty, and a few stitches were taken, which were as hastily pulled out. He did not speak, though there was another present who seemed to be regarding him with curiosity. At length, the lad, in attempting to separate a seam, gave the garment a sudden, and as it appeared, a hopeless rent, for he threw it aside with an expression of despair, and an exclamation of, "What will my father say?"

"Say?" said the spectator, who was an older brother, "that you are no more born to be a tailor than I am, or than our cousin Lodovico was to be a butcher. His father tried a year or two to bring him to the cleaver, and at last perceived that, for all he would do, all the kine, swine, and sheep of Bologna would arrive at an honourable old age, and die a natural death under Lodovico's patronage. Veal grew into beef, lamb into mutton, and those delicate little animals,

roasting pigs, into stout old boars; and then the matter was given up, as his father found he could not make him a butcher, and he was suffered to follow his own inclination. And what is the consequence? He bids fair to become a great painter, and has already earned money enough by his art to enable him to travel and see other places."

"Other artists, you mean, brother," said the young Annibale Caracci. "I have now a letter in my pocket, which I received from him yesterday. He is at Florence, studying the works of the great masters, Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Andrea del Sarto. From there he will go to Venice, and study those of Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese. Then he means to remain some time at Parma, and become well acquainted with Parmeggiano's and Coreggio's, and finish off at Mantua with the bold Julio Romano."

"By my troth," exclaimed Agostino, the elder brother, "the boy rattles off the names as if he were born to found a school of painting."

"And why not?" said Annibale, "why may not nature have given me the power that it has granted to others."

"But, as our father could not make me a tailor, you know he means to make you one."

"It is very natural," said Annibale, "that he should wish one of us to adopt a business that has not only made him respectable in his line, but given him a comfortable subsistence. I am convinced, however, from my own attempts, that I should disgrace his profession. See, Agostino, I have been the whole morning trying to make this sleeve look like the one he has given me for a pattern."

A loud laugh from Agostino somewhat disconcerted the young tailor. "Dost thou not see, boy," said he, "that thou hast converted the doublet into a sleeve?—a fine piece of work thou hast made of it, truly. How many pieces of coin dost thou expect to get for this precious garment? For my own part, I wish thee no greater punishment than to be

obliged to wear it thyself; thou wilt not want any other strait jacket to keep thee from mischief. But here comes our good father Antonio. I am off;" and he sprung through the window upon the brick walk before the shop, and disappeared through one of the arcades that border the streets of Bologna.

"Well, Annibale," said the father, as he entered, "how goes the garment? it will be called for to-night."

"Father," said Annibale, meekly, "I greatly fear I shall disgrace your calling. I have been trying hard over it the whole morning."

Antonio took it and held it up. "In truth, boy," said he, "thou art clumsy to take so many hours to spoil a garment; almost any blockhead could have accomplished it in ten minutes. I will start fair with thee, Annibale, as I did with Agostino. I perceive I must not look for assistance from either in my own employment. He has chosen to be an engraver, and I have suffered him to exchange the needle for the burin. My business has been a profitable one, and has enabled me to give you both a good education. It also enables me to furnish you both with moderate means for acquiring any other trade. I give you leave to choose as I have your brother, only promising that it is on your own industry you must depend for support."

Annibale remained silent, and the father continued, "I have little doubt but I could get you received into some of the establishments as a silk weaver. This is so large a part of our commerce that it will be a profitable employment, and should you in time become a principal, will play well into my hands, as I make use of a large quantity of silk."

"Indeed, father," said Annibale, "I fear I shall be as poor a weaver as tailor; but there is my cousin Lodovico's business."

"O tru," exclaimed Antonio, interrupting him, "I doubt not but his father will be very glad to have you supply his son's place. It was a sad disappointment to my poor brother-

in-law, when Lodovico gave up the business of the slaughter-house; but, in truth, when I sent you to the best schools, I did not think I was educating you to be a butcher! However, every man may make his own business; and though I am somewhat surprised at your choice, I shall not oppose it."

Annibale for a moment seemed to be struck dumb with astonishment. "A butcher! O no, father," said he, "that was not what I meant; it is Lodovico's present employment I was thinking of; I want to be a painter."

"That is the way," said Antonio, "one thoughtless member of a family is enough to corrupt the whole; however, I have pledged my word, and I will not recall it."

Annibale sprang from his ignoble bench, and, throwing aside for ever, shears, thimble, bodkin, and goose, drew a letter from his pocket, and handed it to his father. It was the one he had before mentioned to his brother. Lodovico wrote with the enthusiasm of an artist, mentioned that he had already received a large sum for painting the ceiling of a church—encouraged his young cousin to follow the bent of his inclination, and promised to take him as a pupil, on his return, if he could secure the consent of his father.

"This is very well, so far," said Antonio, thoughtfully, "but I have always understood that it required bright parts to become a painter. Michael Angelo and Raphael, whose names thou passest so trippingly on thy tongue, were both born great men; but, thou, my poor Annibale—thou, who canst not make vest or tunic, and art a whole morning slashing and spoiling a simple toga, what will become of thee, by the side of thy cousin Lodovico, who it seems has painted the inside of a church! I fear thou wilt never get beyond grinding the paints. Well! as I said before, every occupation well performed is creditable; and so if thou wilt choose to grind paints thy life long, with the fear of God before thy eyes, I give my consent: but one thing remember, my son, that if

thou couldst win a cardinal's hat without good morals and good conduct, it would only disgrace thee."

"Father!" said Annibale, "you have forgotten that my cousin Lodovico could never learn his father's business, and yet they say he will make an excellent painter; it is very fortunate that all are not born with the same tastes and capacities."

"There is truth in *that*, boy," replied Antonio; "well, well, worst come to worst thou canst take up the needle again; it is a good thing, Tenere 'l piede in più staffe.* But Lodovico's not choosing to be a butcher is no proof that he might not like to be a tailor, if he had been trained to it; one is a gentlemanly art, and the other——but let every man mind his own business."†

From this time Annibale no longer occupied his bench in the shop. With persevering industry he began to apply himself to the rules of drawing, and prepare for Lodovico's return. Agostino had early foresworn the vocation of a tailor, and his father had put him to a goldsmith. There is a perceptible link between this and many other mechanical and scientific arts: he soon began to engrave, and astonished his father and young companions, by an early and quite pathetic representation of Cain in the act of killing Abel. But Agostino had not the power of devoting himself to one object; he was full of imagination, and every new pursuit engaged his fancy: sometimes it was music; sometimes dancing; then poetry and mathematics had their turn.

Annibale, on the contrary, devoted himself to the one pursuit of painting; he corresponded with Lodovico, who encouraged and animated him, and they were already forming a project which was matured and put into execution in after years.

It was in vain that Annibale strove to unite his brother's

* To have two strings to one's bow.

† Ciasun' attenda a' fatti suoi.

pursuits with his own; though closely allied and fellow-students, their habits and tastes were different. Agostino thought to derive consequence from those with whom he associated; and he was continually seeking the company of men of wealth, of rank, and brilliant powers. Annibale was very different; modest, and not fitted to shine in gay society, he avoided fashion, and found companions in the humblest men.

"You will never make an artist," said Agonisto to him one day; "there is nothing high born, or high bred in your conceptions. Do what you will, there always appears through them, Annibale, the tailor's son."

"May we both of us be as good men as our father," replied Annibale, quietly. "But truly, brother, neither high birth nor high breeding are my aims; give me nature, pure nature, and I ask no more; the nearer I approach to it the better satisfied I shall be with my performance."

"Perhaps," said Agostino, contemptuously, "it is the study of nature that leads you into such low society."

"Take back that harsh word," replied Annibale: "I associate with my equals—those who are born in the same station as myself. I neither look up to them, nor down upon them: we have mutual confidence in each other. Wherever I see genius and merit, I honour it, though in the humblest grade of life; and believe me, brother, there is more dignity in keeping within our own station, than in aspiring beyond it. Our father has often told us that true honour consists, not in the profession we pursue, but in the manner in which we fill it."

"It is a pity you had not kept to the thimble," said Agostino.

"No," replied Annibale: "I never could have done justice to my father's business. What was respectable in his hands would have been mean in mine; for I had no capacity for it. I could sketch a man well clothed, but I could not clothe him.

It was the conviction that I could not do this, that gave me resolution enough to break my mind to my father, though I had great compunction at leaving him, in his old age, to the labour of a business, from the gains of which we have had our education, and in which it was very natural for him to expect aid from at least one of his sons."

Agostino was silent for a moment; then, suddenly throwing his arm over his brother's-shoulder, he exclaimed, "You are a noble fellow, Annibale, and always in the right; and I suppose I am always in the wrong. It does, however, vex me, when I am walking with belted knights and high-born cavaliers, to meet you arm in arm with journeymen, and may-hap cobblers."

"They are my fellow-men," said Annibale, "and one day or other your knights and cavaliers will lie as low as they; for death makes no distinction."

"Learning, however, does," said Agostino, proudly: "men of letters and of liberal education should rank above boors."

"To such," said Annibale, "let honour be rendered—I render it. But mere sordid wealth, or what you call high birth, excites in my mind no emulation. For education I have a high respect; perhaps I give an imaginary value to it, from not possessing it in a greater degree. You, Agostino, are more fortunate; my father gave you, as his eldest son, advantages which he could not afford to both; but, if you bore yourself more meekly under them, they would become you better, and perhaps I might feel the difference less."

There was something in this calm appeal that touched the gentler feelings of Agostino. "I have my faults," said he, "but indeed, Annibale, you and I are formed of different clay."

"No, brother," replied Annibale, "we are all formed of the same clay, and by the same hand; but I admit that some are more nicely moulded than others. There are various niches to be filled, and no model ought to be thrown aside as

worthless. This holds good with mere clay models; but when we come to the mind or soul, how much more ought we to realize that each has its place, and cannot be spared in the great temple of the universe."

"I perceive our cousin Lodovico has given you a taste of his philosophy," said Agostino: "he has conceived romantic plans of regenerating the age, in some way which I cannot understand, and am all unworthy to co-operate in."

"He thinks quite otherwise," replied Annibale; "and whatever plans he may put in execution, he will, I am sure, require your aid; your knowledge of engraving and of mathematics will be valuable to the arts. But I think the versatility of your pursuits are opposed to any great degree of excellence in any one."

"What do you mean?" asked Agostino, with his usual impatience of reproof.

"I confess," said Annibale, "it surprised me yesterday to see you playing the dancing-master."

"That it surprised you, shows your ignorance of the accomplishments of a cavalier," answered Agostino rudely. "You, who are born to labour like an ox, can hardly comprehend the spirit of a high-mettled courser, nor how much ground he may clear: music and dancing are noble recreations."

"I am little skilled in either," said Annibale; "but music I have understood to be the language of the soul, and dancing that of the feet. I cannot think the art high or noble, in which dogs and bears may be taught to excel."

Antonio entered just as Agostino was replying to his brother, in a peremptory tone.

"Always at variance!" said Antonio. "One would think there were *real* troubles enough in life, without creating new ones by bickerings and domestic broils. However, as I find you cannot live together in brotherly love, I have determined to make you, Agostino, as being the oldest, the offer of going to live with Lodovico Caracci."

Agostino gladly accepted the proposal. It opened a new path to his ambition, nor was he sorry to leave the spot where his humble birth made him secondary in the society he most loved to frequent.

Annibale contemplated his brother's departure from Bologna with a feeling that bordered on envy. This baleful emotion he had hitherto shut out from his heart. He had seen his brother elevated to circles from which he was excluded, without a sigh; he had even kept aloof from all that could divert his attention from the art to which he resolved to devote his whole time and faculties; he had unrepiningly yielded to seniority and the advantages of a superior education; but when Agostino was selected by his father to reside with Lodovico, his heart swelled with a sense of injury. His cousin, who was his beau ideal of goodness and truth, had long expressed an earnest wish that he might come to him, and enjoy the advantages of seeing the works of Michael Angelo. "But I have said not a word," thought Annibale, "because I would not put my father to any new expense; and now Agostino, who has gathered flowers from all the fine arts—from music, poetry, and painting—reaps again the fruits of his accidental seniority." The young artist drooped under what he thought injustice. For a few days his pencil was thrown aside, and he sat brooding over his disappointment; but he loved his brother with true affection, and, on bidding him adieu, gave him a design, upon which he had spent much time.

Though Agostino often yielded to the violence and impatience of his disposition, he felt the force of Annibale's forbearance; and now, when they were parting, the brothers embraced with heartfelt affection.

There are few ties so strong as those of kindred. The wise Creator has bound families together by mutual interests; and, however diversified and uncongenial may be their pursuits, it is rarely that there is not one fountain of inexhaustible love, from which all may draw. This fountain is so liberally sup-

plied, that it is apt to be held too cheap; and it is only when the waters are choked or dried up that its real value is understood: then the soul pants like the "hart after the water-brook." Thus felt Annibale when his brother was actually gone, and he had no one with whom to communicate, no one who understood his wishes or his projects. With unremitting industry, however, he pursued his labours. Labours they truly were, for all his acquisitions were toilsome. He had nothing of the quick conception of Agostino; his progress was slow and gradual; and he had acquired from this the appellation of "the ox." "My cousin Lodovico," thought he, "won that title before me, and was slow in his perceptions that, when he first studied at Bologna, his master Fontana advised him to relinquish the arts: and even when he went to Venice, Titian gave him the same counsel. Courage, Annibale! the ox at the plough will in time make the ground yield its richest fruits."

When Agostino arrived at Florence, he was cordially welcomed by Lodovico, who regretted that Annibale had not accompanied him: he made minute inquiries into their different modes of study.

"I have brought a design of Annibale's," said Agonisto, "that he gave me at parting," and he unrolled a sketch of the conversion of St. Paul, which he afterwards painted. Lodovico regarded it with much pleasure, as giving indication of great excellence in drawing. He communicated his plan of forming a school for the fine arts, and determined to write to Antonio, and request him to permit Annibale to join them at Florence. In rolling up the design, they discovered the first attempt of Annibale at poetry: it was a copy of verses written on the back, and only worth recording as expressive of his state of feeling towards his brother, whom the father had sent away because they could not agree:—

Thy path is o'er the mighty dead,
Among the works of art,

Where thou with careless steps wilt tread,
All free and light of heart.

O, what to thee is Raphael's line,
Where, with immortal light,
He paints the Saviour's form divine
In dazzling glory bright?

Or, what to thee that angel choir
Revealed by opening skies,
While Saint Cecilia strikes her lyre,
And notes seraphic rise?

Or, what to thee that noble form,
By Buonaroti wrought,
With Sinai's sacred mission warm,
Inspired with more than thought?

Or he, whose gentle soul has shed
Its calm and sweet repose
O'er the blest Virgin's sainted head,
As holy visions rose—

Coreggio! 'twas for thee to find
The models of thine art
In thy own pure, exalted mind,
And deeply feeling heart.

Brother, farewell! and if e'en now
The laurel blooms for thee,
Bind with immortal wreaths thy brow,—
But save one flower for me.

Agostino read his brother's lines with a smile and a tear, which he hastily dashed away.

"I verily believe it is the first time," said he, "that poor Annibale has ever played truant to his first love, and coquetted with either of my rival muses, Calliope or Erato, who, to say the truth, do not seem much inclined to smile on either of us."

"So much the better," said Lodovico; "life is too short to admit of time being frittered away among a variety of pursuits. It is the vigorous concentration of the mind on one object which developes its powers. I have feared the ideal,

as a rock upon which many of my contemporaries have split." *

"There spoke the ox," thought Agostino; "let him keep to the plough, for all me! I cry you mercy, good cousin Lodovico; who had more of the ideal than Raphael? Methinks he often hovers midway between heaven and earth; and even your great Michael Angelo walks with his head in the clouds, and his feet in the lower regions. For my part, I am determined to pay court to the nine sisters. The only reason that the cunning old Grecians did not find a tenth to preside over painting, was because it would take the whole nine to make her. Now, by uniting the rare excellences of all, I make for myself a muse that deserves to be called the *Genius of Painting*."

"I am sick of the extravaganzas," said Lodovico, "that modern artists dignify with the name of genius. Every new painter sets himself up for originality; yet it is only in the study of the great masters that any degree of perfection can be acquired. Who can hope to exceed the majesty of Da Vinci or Buonaroti, the grace of Raphael, or the colours of Titian, the spirit of Tintoretto, or the splendid decoration of Paolo Veronese? Or, who can present perspective to the eye with more truth, more roundness, and more enchanting power than Coreggio? It is a true and exact imitation of the old that we want."

"Depend upon it," said Agonisto, "Annibale is your man."

Lodovico very soon wrote for him to come to Florence, and, on his arrival, laid before the two brothers the plan which he had long been meditating for the improvement of the art of painting, which, at the close of the sixteenth century, was evidently on the decline. He proposed to them, to visit Parma and Venice, and offered to assist them with every facility in

* Lanzi says of Lodovico, "temea l' ideale come uno scoglia ove tanti de' suoi contemporanei avean rotto."

his power. They were to make themselves acquainted with what was most excellent in each school, and, on their return, to unite with him in forming an Academy for artists. They at once embraced the proposal, and after having pursued their various researches, and acquired a useful store of knowledge, the three cousins again met at Bologna. On their return, they were one day in company, and Agostino entered into a description of the celebrated statue of the Laocoon. At length, he observed that his brother Annibale was wholly silent. "How is it possible," said he, "you can take no interest in this noble work?"

Annibale took a crayon, and sketched on the wall a spirited outline of the statue. "The poet," said he, "paints with words; the painter speaks with works."

The sound and excellent judgment of Lodovico, was the moving spring of the institution that was now to be formed. He had carefully studied the characters of the two brothers, and marked the diversity of their tastes, and regretted the dissensions that often occurred between them. The influence which he exercised over them had a high moral, as well as scientific object. He impressed upon them the duty of mutual patience and forbearance, and pointed out to them the advantage they might derive from each other's opposite tastes and pursuits. By degrees he moderated the excessive ardour of Agostino, and inspired Annibale with a proper confidence in his own personal and intellectual endowments. By this friendly and judicious conduct all signs of enmity disappeared, and the most perfect harmony existed between the two brothers. They united with Lodovico in the great design of the Academy, and, though each pursued his own peculiar, different branch, but one heart seemed to animate them. They were free from all sordid desire of gain, without rivalship, and without envy. They collected all the models of ancient art that could be procured, introduced the study of ana-

tomy, of perspective, and of every science that was necessary to form an artist.

The amiable and conciliating manners of the founders of the new school, which went by the name of the Incamminati,* at length subdued the violent opposition that had at first been made to it, by the teachers of the time. Dionisio Calvert had been a popular instructor, but he was violent and coarse in his manner, and did not hesitate to buffet his pupils for any trifling misdemeanour, and finally drove them away. Even Fontana regretted that he was too old to adopt the new style. Other schools became deserted, and the Caracci prevailed.

The part of each was important, but perhaps that of Agostino the most laborious. He prepared treatises on perspective and architecture, for the use of the students, explained the theory of muscles and bones, and had anatomy taught, with its various branches, by Anthony la Tour.

He proposed difficult questions in history and antiquity, and men of learning were invited to discuss them at the Academy. Nor did he neglect the song and the lyre, but often stimulated and rewarded his pupils by the united influence of poetry and music.

The great principle of the school was, to combine the strictest observation of nature with the imitation of the old masters. Every scholar was at liberty to choose the path which best suited him, and to adopt a style of his own; but every style was to have for its root and basis, nature and imitation of the great masters. When any doubts occurred, the brothers always had recourse to Lodovico. They daily inspected the designs of the pupils, and both masters and scholars were continually devoted to the art. Even their recreations and amusements were turned to use: they rambled in the fields, and sketched landscapes from nature, or amused themselves by drawing caricatures. Many of their exercises

* From incamminare—to show the way.

were in the open air; and, to secure health at once of mind and body, was the constant aim of the benevolent Lodovico.

The opposition of the painters of Bologna to the Caracci had now nearly ceased. Some had embraced their principles; others finding opposition useless, relinquished it. Guido, Caravaggio, and Domenichino became pupils of the Academy. The department of engraving belonged particularly to Agostino, which he taught in great perfection.

As has been observed, Ludovico's moral influence exerted powerful control over the brothers, and seemed necessary to restrain their impatience. But there were various causes which had a tendency to produce dissension. The taste of Agostino was refined by poetry, music, and belles-lettres, almost to fastidiousness. He was often critical on the works of Annibale to a vexatious degree, while, on the other hand, the greater energy and perseverance of the younger brother led him to underrate the elegant accomplishments of the elder. Biographers give inconsistent accounts of the petty disagreements between them, attributing to them low and unworthy jealousies, because they do not bear in mind the difference of character which produced mutual opposition. It is evident, however, that the sacred bonds of affection remained unbroken. One biographer says, "They could not be contented together or apart."

In the new pupil of the Academy, Guido Reni, Annibale took great delight; his fine taste, and frank, amiable disposition, won his affection. He and Domenichino were received at the same time from the school of Calvert.

They had become embued with the extravagant modes of colouring which distinguished Caravaggio. His was a method of painting that took with the people; it was a striking contrast of light and shade, that required no delicate perceptions of taste to understand: he drew his saints and heroes from his companions, who were often porters, or at Venice, gondo-

liers. Nature, it is true, was his model; but it was nature just as he found it with all its imperfections: this made his style only suitable for particular subjects. One of his celebrated pictures, which represents two gondoliers, apparently father and son, drawing a young nobleman into deep play, and communicating with each other by secret signs, presents a subject suited to his style. The Caracci greatly feared the corruption of public taste from this novel and striking manner, and exerted all their influence against it. Annibale, who had made the graces of Coreggio his peculiar study at Parma, turned from it with disgust. "Tell me," said Guido, "how shall I best conquer the propensity I have already acquired, to the bold and striking contrasts of Caravaggio?"

"To the crudeness and violence of his tones," said Annibale, "I would oppose tenderness and suavity; I would represent my figures in the open day. Far from avoiding the difficulties of the art under the disguise of powerful shadows, I would court them by displaying every part in the clearest light. For the vulgar nature which Caravaggio is content to imitate, I would substitute the most select forms, and the most beautiful ideal."

"How well Guido profited from these instructions, his pictures show. His Madonnas are displayed in the clearest light, and yet not a fault can be detected. The noble simplicity of their figures, the correct folding of the drapery, the eyes looking upward with an expression that can only be felt, not described, all penetrate the heart, and possess a beauty which the uneducated, and even childhood itself, can comprehend. His pictures turned the tide of admiration from Caravaggio, and the Italians decided that "grace and beauty dwelt with the pencil of Guido, to animate his figures."

Domenichino, or Zampieri, (which was his family name), was one of the scholars of the rough Dionisio Calvert: his master one day discovered him copying one of Annibale's drawings, and punished him for what he considered a trans-

gression, with the utmost severity. His father, indignant at such an outrage, determined to take him from the school, and place him with the Caracci. He was received by them with their usual kindness, and put into the regular course of instruction.

It was the practice of the seminary, on certain days, to excite the emulation of the scholars by proposing prizes. Soon after Domenichino entered the Academy, such a day occurred. Hitherto the young scholar had been little regarded; the severity with which he had been uniformly treated by his old master, had depressed his youthful mind; he felt that it was presumption to contend for the prize, and, after having made his drawing, threw it aside, determined not to endure the ridicule which his arrogance might draw upon him. When the morning came, he withdrew from the ambitious group, but not unobserved by Guido and Albani, his fellow-students. "See poor Zampieri," said the latter; "let us follow him and encourage him to offer his drawing; he has been a long while preparing it, and now his heart fails him." It was some time before they inspired him with sufficient confidence to enter the lists. One after another brought forward their productions, and when his turn came, he would gladly have retreated, intimidated by the air of conscious superiority with which many of the pupils regarded him.

Lodovico scanned every drawing presented with impartial judgment, and, to the astonishment of all, but most so of the modest Domenichino himself, declared him the successful candidate! At this time, not only Guido and Albani were competitors, but Lanfranco and Guercino also, all pupils of the Caracci.

Agostino's eccentricity led him to peculiar methods of instruction; and he was fond of imitating the ancient legislators, by giving out hints in doggerel rhyme. The following is a specimen:—

Who an artist fain would make,
Must from Rome his models take;
His spirit from fair Venice draw,
Lombardo's colouring make his law;
Must Buonaroti's path pursue,
With Tiziano's just and true;
Coreggio's style supremely fair,
And Raffaello's noble air.

It was said that the Academy owed its success to the principles of Lodovico, the labours of Agostino, and the zeal and perseverance of Annibale.

A new career was now opening for the younger brother. He was invited to Rome by Cardinal Farnese, to paint the halls of his palace. Annibale was willing to go, as it gave him an opportunity of seeing Raphael's works, and some of the finest statues of antiquity. Hitherto, Coreggio, the humble, the neglected Coreggio, he who died in poverty, had been his great model; but the study of the antique at Rome gave a more learned and less pleasing character to his style. After having painted there some time, his heart yearned for the companionship of his brother, and he persuaded the Cardinal to send for him also. They met as brothers meet after a long separation; but new difficulties arose. Lodovico was not there to speak peace to their tumultuous passions. Annibale conceived that he had a right to direct; Agostino refused to follow, and Cardinal Farnese, perceiving their variance, sent Agostino to Parma, recommending him to the Duke of Ranuccio.

Annibale pursued his labours at the palace with unwearied industry, being often cheered by visits from his former pupils, who at various times assisted him, leaving, in the small panels of the walls, specimens of their skill, as tributes to their ancient instructors; so that the gallery of the Farnese palace affords probably a more full and impressive exhibition of the power and success of the Bolognese school, than any other place in Italy. Before Annibale quitted Bologna, there had

existed an apparent alienation between him and Guido; and, as it was obvious, it was immediately attributed to envy. Biographers dismissed the subject, by saying that the Caracci could not forgive Guido for his success in the method they had pointed out. The true cause was a different one. Guido had unfortunately contracted a love of play, which threatened to undermine his character. With all his fine social qualities, this propensity seemed to be irresistible to him. Annibale, after in vain remonstrating, dismissed him from the Academy, and silently bore the stigma, which calumny cast upon him, of being prompted by ungenerous motives. Afterwards, Guido, being invited to Rome by Gioseppino Cesari, went thither in company with Albani, and on his arrival hastened to see Annibale in the palace, where he was still employed. The pupil met his master with renewed affection. He loved and respected Annibale, and was received by him as a returning prodigal. At that time Caravaggio was in high repute at Rome, and when Guido arrived, it appeared impossible that two styles of painting so entirely different should be at the same time well received. Annibale exhorted him to preserve his own superior manner; but when he obtained a commission from Cardinal Borghese to paint a picture for his gallery, it was stipulated that it should be of the Caravaggio school. Guido, to the extreme displeasure of Annibale, accepted the conditions; and the former coldness between the master and the pupil was renewed. Guido accomplished his work, and, without violating his engagement, evinced an excellence in the style he had been compelled to adopt, which Caravaggio could never have attained. At length, Guido became disgusted with his employers: a coldness still existed between himself and Annibale. Albani, his friend, who accompanied him, stood aloof, and Caravaggio, the furious Caravaggio, loaded him with calumnies. He quitted Rome in disgust, leaving works behind, which have blazoned his name to succeeding ages; among them his painting of the Aurora, which has been so

beautifully engraved by Morghen. For eight years, Annibale continued his labours in the Farnese palace; during the time, his cousin Lodovico visited him, meaning to assist him with his advice, and even executing part of the work himself. Both the Caraccis were invited from all parts of Lombardy, to adorn the churches and palaces by their pictures; but their home was Bologna, and to that they constantly returned.

Annibale's work was at length accomplished, and he now only waited for his reward from the Cardinal, to whose munificence he had trusted without stipulating for a price.

The magnanimous prelate sent him, in return for eight years of labour taken from the best part of his life, and as a reward for his genius, and for the sacrifice he had made in separating himself from his home and academy, five hundred crowns!

When Annibale received the sum, he said not a word; first surprise, and then probably contempt and indignation, deprived him of utterance. He immediately quitted Rome, and returned to Bologna. Again the brothers met; but alas! not as formerly, full of spirit, health, and animation. Disappointment and a sense of injustice had damped the ardour of Annibale, and Agostino was sinking gradually under the wasting attack of pulmonary complaints. His pencil was wholly thrown aside, and music and poetry were his principal occupations. There was no necessity now for Lodovico to preach patience and forbearance: Heaven itself had given the lesson. It was no longer optional with them whether to remain together, or live apart; the summons had arrived and the ties of brotherhood were to be rent asunder. How inconceivable now appeared the alienation, that had at times existed between them! How wholly causeless! "Would to God," exclaimed Annibale, "we had lived together as if the next hour were to be our last; but the lesson comes too late!"

"O, not too late," replied Agostino; "we have met, we

have exchanged forgiveness, and Heaven is merciful! Lay its lesson well to heart, Annibale; for I trust thou hast many years to live. To thy care I bequeath my son. And now, no more of the past. Give me my lute, brother. Do you remember the song of the Swiss wanderer, which we heard when we were boys?" Then, with a faint prelude, he sung the following lines:—

"The faint voice of the minstrel is heard no more,
And sorrow has dimmed his eye;
His last song of love and of woman is o'er,
And his harp is hung on high.

"Near the moss-clad tower he loves to recline,
While visions are thronging fast;
Of the far distant ages a glorious line,
Where his name and fame shall last.

"As he leaned to the breeze his feverish brow,
The sound of sweet music came—
First like whispers of love all tender and low,
Then loud like the trump of fame.

"What angel choir salutes his ear,
And soothes the weary man to rest?
For sure no mortal sound is near,
With accents so divinely blest.

"Hark! 'tis his muse, his early choice:
Soft as the breezes from the west,
On the hung harp she breathes her voice,
And lulls her ancient bard to rest,
The curtain of the night was drawn,
And ere the morn
Her ancient bard was lulled to rest."

The notes of Agostino grew fainter as the last words trembled on his tongue.

"I believe I often dream," said he, laying aside the lute, "when I appear to wake. Think you there are things more strange in the world to come than in the present? It is just six years since our father died, you know, Annibale. Can it be that he is sometimes near me?"

Annibale shook his head.

"And why not?" said Agostino, tenaciously.

"We know not the mysteries of earth or air,
We know not the spells that are around us."

That night Lodovico and Annibale watched by his bed-side, and in the morning, when the sun arose, he was no more.

Deeply as Annibale felt the death of his brother, he understood the duty of self-control, and immediately adopted the son of Agostino as his own. He had a younger brother remaining, who had separated himself from the family, and set up a school in opposition to Lodovico's, inscribing upon the door, "This is the true school of the Caracci."*

The inhabitants of Bologna were so indignant at this assumption, from one to whom Lodovico had been a benefactor, that he was compelled to leave, and went to Rome. He was at first well received as being the brother of Agostino and Annibale, but soon forfeited the favour which was extended to him, and died at the early age of twenty-seven.

In the promising talents and devoted affection of the young Antonio, son of Agostino, Annibale found a new source of happiness. He was indefatigable in his instructions, and, as he considered the study of the antique at Rome indispensable to forming an artist, he determined to revisit that city, with his nephew. As the young Antonio entered the walls of the Farnese palace, his heart swelled with a sense of the injustice which had been done his uncle. Not so Annibale; the world with its praise and reproach was fast receding from his view. He felt that his days were drawing near to their close. The same disorder which shortened his brother's life was fast undermining his own: there was the rapid pulse, the hectic cheek, and labouring breath. The physicians recommended him to try the air of Naples, and Antonio earnestly joined his own entreaties. The invalid consented with a melancholy smile. A situation was selected for him by his nephew, which

* Lanzi.

overlooked the bay, and the beautiful surrounding country. On the north, gradually arose the fertile hills extending from the shore to the Campagna Felice. On the east, the rich plains reaching to Mount Vesuvius and Portici. On the west the grotto of Posilippo, Virgil's tomb, and the fields leading to the coast of Baia. To the south, was extended before him the noble bay, confined by its two promontories of Misenum and Minerva. The first morning after Annibale's arrival, he walked on the terrace, and felt refreshed and invigorated in this land of zephyrs; the sea breezes cooled his feverish and hectic cheek, and the gales wafted to his senses the perfume of the Campagna Felice. But it was only a temporary revival, and he grew earnest to return again to Rome. He reached it by short stages, and there breathed his last. He was buried with great honours, and Antonio deposited his remains near the tomb of Raphael, in the church of the Rotunda, the ancient Pantheon.

There are melancholy reflections attached to the history of the young Antonio, gifted as he was with genius and invention. After the death of his uncle, he pursued his profession and painted several celebrated pieces; but he stood alone in the world, scarcely daring to bear the honoured name of the family.* His early death was perhaps a blessing for himself. But, had he lived, he would have been distinguished among artists.

Lodovico alone now remained of the family. He was still cheerful, active, and beloved; with less of genius, and what is called talent, than either of the others, he had been the founder of their usefulness and success. His first care, in early life, was to discipline himself, and cultivate benevolent and kind affections towards others. In establishing the Academy, his motive had been the public good, and his eminent success was the reward of generous and exalted principle. He

* He is known by the name of Gobbo.

died in the year 1618, at the age of sixty-three, in the enjoyment of the highest powers of his mind.

The pursuits of the three Caracci, Lodovico, Agostino, and Annibale, were so entirely united, and all so happily directed to common objects, that it has been difficult to assign to each a separate influence in the arts. They were inadequately compensated by money for their labours; but wealth was not their aim: all of them died in narrow circumstances. It is no slight praise, that their school stayed the progress of the arts' decline, and restored their true principles.

The pupils they formed, threw a lustre on their mode of teaching. Domenichino was one of the most distinguished. Poussin pronounced him the next painter to Raphael; he had the art of depicting human passions with something of the same power—joy, grief, rage, sorrow, and fear. He painted the soul, delineated the life, and excited in the bosom of the spectator all those emotions which belonged to the scene represented. It is this power which gives to painting its highest moral effect—makes the pure and holy affections, which are represented, throw a sanctifying influence over the character of the beholder,—vice tell its own hateful story, and impress its own moral.

There appears to have been a timidity, a want of confidence in himself, that possibly arose in part from the early unkindness of his master. The influence of judicious primary instruction was not then appreciated; it remained for the Caracci to prove that the *law of kindness* is the most effectual in forming the mind to excellence. Lodovico said of Domenichino, "that his worth would not be appreciated till after his death." The saying proved true. He afforded one of the many examples of suffering genius, and late rewards. During his life, which terminated at Naples, in 1648, he was poor and abused. He could get no scholars, and was often without business. Many years after his death, if we may

trust the relation of one of the books with which the Italian traveller meets, Poussin was employed by a society to paint an altar-piece for a church, and, to save the expense of a new canvass, an old picture was hauled out from the garret, and given him to paint on. The artist began to rub the dirt off, and was interested in the composition. It was the celebrated Communion of St. Jerome, by Domenichino, which is now esteemed by some the first, and by most the second, painting in the world. He hastened to his employers, and told them that here was a better picture than he could make, for the life of him, and begged them to have it taken care of. And so, by-and-bye, it came into the honourable place it now holds in the Vatican Gallery and the public estimation. This story argues an ignorance of the art, which is hardly credible to us; and the authoress is not able to quote any decisive authority in its favour.

Guido Reni was an illustration of the false and foolish maxim that is sometimes applied to infirmity of principle: his contemporaries said, "he is a noble fellow, and nobody's enemy but his own." But the man who degrades himself, injures one member of society at least, in every relation he bears to it. His exquisite taste, his affectionate disposition, his exalted genius, and high conception of the beautiful and sublime, could not save him from the baleful effects of his passion for gaming. Though, in his best productions, every individual figure, however minute, brought him one hundred Roman crowns, the lofty power of his pencil was sacrificed to painting hasty and cheap pieces, for supplying immediate pressure, created by his losses. He died at Bologna, after having reduced himself from affluence to poverty, by this growing infatuation, at the age of sixty-six, in the year 1640.

Albani was the early friend and fellow-student of Guido: like Coreggio, he drew his beautiful images from the pure fount of affection. There is one striking difference, however: Coreggio saw in his wife and children, Madonnas, saints, and

angels—the flame of earthly love was ennobled by the divine. Albani saw in his beautiful partner, a model for nymphs and Venuses, and in his children the representatives of Loves and Graces. His death took place in 1660, at the age of eighty-two.

Guercino was another pupil of distinction: his designs are grand and natural, but want the grace of Guido and Albani.

Michael Angelo Caravaggio, unlike Guido, was every man's enemy, as well as his own; impetuous and overbearing, he was constantly engaged in quarrels. Giuseppino was at first his warm friend; but when, one day, he had unfortunately offended him, Caravaggio sprang furiously upon him, and a young man present attempting to interfere, Caravaggio drew his sword and murdered him on the spot. He was obliged to make his escape from justice, and finally, by the interference of influential men, he obtained a pardon. He immediately returned to Rome, and challenged Giuseppino, who replied, "that a knight could not draw his sword on an inferior."

Caravaggio, boiling with rage, hastened to Malta, took the necessary vows, received the order of knighthood, and came back to force his antagonist to fight. The evening he arrived at Rome, he sent his challenge; but his furious and ungovernable temper had turned on himself its fatal power. He was seized with a brain fever, and when an acceptance of his challenge was returned, he lay, cold and motionless, in the arms of death.

RUBENS AND VANDYKE.

"It is just one hundred and twenty years to-day," said a young artist to his friend, as he stood in the hall of St. Mark, at Venice, contemplating the noble works of Titian. "Time, the destroyer, has here stayed his hand: the colours are as vivid and as fresh as if they were laid on but yesterday. Would that my old friend and master, Otho Venius, were here!—at least, I will carry back to Antwerp that in my colouring, which shall prove to him that I have not played truant to the art."

"Just one hundred and twenty years," repeated he, "since Titian was born. Venice was then in its glory; but now it is all falling—its churches and palaces are crumbling to dust—its commerce interrupted. The republic continually harassed by the Porte, and obliged to call in foreign aid—depressed by her internal despotism, her council of ten, and state inquisitors—her decline, though gradual, is sure. Yet the splendour of her arts remain, and the genius of Titian, her favourite son, is yet in the bloom and brilliancy of youth!"

Such was the enthusiastic exclamation of Rubens, as he contemplated those paintings which had brought him from Antwerp. How many gifted minds spoke to him from the noble works which were before him! The three Bellinis, the founders of the Venetian school; Giorgione, Titian, and Tintoretto; then Paolo Veronese, who, though born at Verona, in 1537, adopted Venice as his home, and became the fellow-artist of Tintoretto, and the disciple of Titian; Pordenone, too,

who viewed Titian as a rival and an enemy; Palma the young, and Palma the old, born in 1548; and the Bassanos, who died about the year 1627.

All these were present to the eye of Rubens—their genius embodied on the canvass in the halls of St. Mark. "These," he exclaimed, "have formed the Venetian school, and these shall be my study!"

From this time, the young artist might daily be seen, with his sheets of white paper, and his pencil in his hand. A few strokes preserved the outline, which his memory filled up; and by an intuitive glance, his genius understood and appropriated every signal beauty.

In Venice he became acquainted with the Archduke Albert, who introduced him to the Duke of Mantua, whither he went for the purpose of studying the works of Julio Romano. From thence he proceeded to Rome; here Raphael was his model, and Michael Angelo his wonder. He devoted himself to painting with a fervour that belongs only to genius; and he soon proved that, whatever he gained by ancient study, the originality of his own conceptions would still remain and appear. To the vivid and splendid colouring of the Venetian school, he was perhaps more indebted that to any other model.

The affectionate and constant intercourse, by letters, that subsisted between Rubens and his mother, made his long residence in Italy one of pleasure. At Rome he was employed to adorn, by his paintings, the Church of Santa Croce, and also the "Chiesa Nova."

Rubens had been originally destined by his mother for one of the learned professions. His father was born at Antwerp, and held the honourable office of Counsellor of State. When the civil wars broke out, he repaired to Cologne, where his son, Peter Paul Rubens, was born. He died soon after his return to Antwerp, and left his property much diminished from losses occasioned by the civil war.

The mother of Rubens put him early to the best schools, where he was initiated in learning, and discovered a taste for belles-lettres; but all the intervals of necessary study were devoted to drawing. His mother perceiving it, determined to indulge his inclination, and placed him in the study of Van Noort.

The correct taste of the scholar soon led him to perceive that he could not adopt this artist's style, and he became the pupil of Otho Venius. Similarity of thought and feeling united them closely, and it was with true disinterestedness that the master urged his pupil to quit his confined circle, and repair to Italy, the great school of art.

Time flew rapidly with Rubens while engaged in his beloved and honourable pursuit; he looked forward to the period when he might return to Antwerp, and place his mother in her former affluence. Nearly seven years had passed since he took leave of her. Of late, he thought her letters had been less cheerful: she spoke of her declining health—of her earnest hope that she might live to embrace him once more. This hint was enough for his affectionate heart: he immediately broke off all his engagements, and prepared to return. Every one knows what impatience is created when one first begins to contemplate home, after a long absence, and the heart is turned toward it. "Seven years absent!" wrote Rubens to his mother: "how is it possible I have lived so long away from you! It is too long: henceforth I will devote myself to your happiness. Antwerp shall be my future residence. I have acquired a taste for horticulture; our little garden shall be enlarged and cultivated, and our home will be a paradise."

What are human anticipations and projects! The day before he was to quit Rome, he received a letter informing him that his mother was very ill, and begging him to return with all speed.

With breathless haste, he hurried back, without sleep or

rest. When he reached the city, he dared not make any inquiries. At length, he stood before the paternal mansion: he saw the gloomy tiles and half-closed window-shutters. It was the fall of the year, the leaves were dropping from the trees. He observed people going in and out at the door; to speak was impossible. At length he rushed in, and heard the appalling sentence, "Too late!"—a sentence that often strikes desolation to the human heart. His mother had expired that morning.

Is there consolation in pressing the clay-cold lips — the marble forehead — in contemplating the lifeless form that once contained the noble and generous spirit? If there be, such Rubens had. But, in truth, for the death of the beloved, earth has no sufficient comfort. The soul must soar to a better sphere, and realize the life beyond.

While he was struggling with the bitterness of sorrow, he met with Elizabeth Brants. There was something in the tone of her voice, which infused tranquillity into his mind: and affection came in a new form to assuage his loss: she was the "ladye of his love," and afterwards his wife. He built a magnificent house at Antwerp with a saloon in form of a rotunda, which he ornamented and enriched with antique statues, busts, vases, and pictures, by the most celebrated painters. Thus surrounded by the gems of art, he devoted himself to the execution of works which were the pride of his native country, and caused honours and wealth to be heaped upon him.

There were those found who could not endure the splendour of his success; these calumniated. There were others who tried to draw him into visionary speculations. A chemist offered him a share of his laboratory, to join him in his search for the philosopher's stone. He carried the visionary to his painting-room, and said, "The offer comes too late: you see I have found out the art of making gold by my palette and pencils."

Rubens was now at the height of prosperity and happiness, a dangerous eminence, and one on which few are permitted to rest. A second time his heart was pierced with sorrow: he lost his young wife Elizabeth, a few years after their union. Deep as was his sorrow, he had yet resolution enough to feel the necessity of exertion: he left the place which constantly reminded him of domestic enjoyment, the memory of which contrasted so sadly with the present silence and solitude, and travelled for some time in Holland. After his return, he received a commission from Mary de Medici, of France, to adorn the palace of the Luxembourg. He executed for this purpose a number of paintings at Antwerp, and instructed several pupils in his art.

At this time, Rubens devoted himself wholly to painting, and scarcely allowed himself time for recreation. He considered it one of the most effectual means of instruction, to allow his pupils to observe his method of using his paints: he therefore had them with him while he worked on his large pictures. Teniers, Snyders, Jordaens, and Vandyke, were among his pupils—all names well known. On a certain day, Rubens wearily threw aside his brush, and, charging his young pupils to preserve order and industry, left them, saying he should not return till night. For a short time, they obeyed the injunction; but when was youth divested of its love of gaiety and amusement? Vandyke, the light-hearted, the thoughtless Vandyke, was the first to break through the rules the master prescribed. He had filled his pocket with nuts, and while the young students were engrossed in their labours, they were pelted with showers of them. It was not in human nature silently and unresistingly to bear this outrage; the nuts were sent back with interest. Vandyke sprang over his bench, and in a moment the sport become general. Some wrestled, some pelted, and all shouted. At length, one whom the ringleader had fairly prostrated, by a sudden movement, escaped and took shelter behind the easel piece upon which Rubens

had just been painting, and which was nearly completed. Vandyke, with a loud shout, aimed his hat at the boy; the hat rested a moment on the top of the easel, and then, to punish the boy's roguery, fell upon the picture, sweeping after it the breast of one of the saints.* Had the saint himself appeared there *propriâ personâ*, and thundered forth anathemas, the effect could not have been greater. Immediate silence followed: what could be done? The master would discard them all; and Vandyke, who was as feeling as he was thoughtless, burst into tears. "My poor mother!" said he, "how heavy will be her disappointment! She will not reproach me; but I know how she will look—so sad, so sorrowful!—she, who is such a lover of the fine arts!† And now I shall be obliged to go back to school, and study Latin and Greek the live-long day." A fresh shower of tears bedewed the boy's cheeks. At length, with the versatility of his character, he started up. "Boys," said he, "clear away, gather up the chesnuts, put the benches in order, and place everything as master Rubens left it!—leave all to me." Everything was adjusted, while Vandyke was examining his master's brushes and palette. A few moments beheld him seated before the easel in the attitude of Rubens—thoughtful, serious, and self-possessed. "Silence!" said he, "keep to your work, and do not speak to me." His fellow-students looked aghast.

After busily employing himself for a considerable period, he exclaimed, "now come and look." The saint was, indeed, wonderfully restored: the boys were fully decided that Rubens would never discover that anything had been done to it. "Let us keep our own counsel," said they, "and he will not find it out." The master did not return till late. It was his custom to be at his painting-room in the morning, before the scholars arrived. When they came, they found him there,

* This picture was the famous Descent from the Cross.

† It is said that Vandyke's mother was a woman of uncommon taste in the arts, and had wrought some beautiful historical tapestries.

engaged as usual. They took their places, exchanging looks of congratulation to each other, for now they felt secure. Suddenly he exclaimed, "Who has dared to meddle with my painting?" No one spoke. Again he asked, in a stern voice: still there was a profound silence. The German *burshs*, or youth, are early initiated in their own codes of honour, and scrupulous not to betray a brother offender. "Very well," said Rubens, after waiting a reasonable time for a reply; "I have but one course to pursue. Since you do not choose to designate the one among you, I must discard you all. Quit my room." Slowly they arose: in a moment Vandyke rushed forward—"Do not punish them," said he; "I am the offender; punish me." In a voice interrupted by sobs, he told his story. "Ah, sir," said he, "I am a most unlucky boy—I always *was*—my mother has said so a thousand times. After you left us, I grew tired. I had my pocket full of nuts, and I pelted the other boys; and at last, sir, I threw my hat at one of them—this miserable, good-for-nothing hat," displaying it, daubed with paint, and crumpling it up: "it hit the saint full in the breast—this, sir, is the offender." "Who painted the picture?" said Rubens, trying to preserve his gravity: "the hat did not paint it." "Alas! sir, no: it was I! Indeed, sir, I hoped, as the saints are merciful, they would take pity on me; I beseech you, sir, to follow their example."

"Very well," said Rubens, "you then are the offender—come with me." He preceded him to his mother's house, and ordered Vandyke to relate in her presence the circumstance that had taken place. When he had concluded, she said, "Indeed, sir, I feel that my son's offence is great, but I beseech you to attribute it to its right cause—boyish levity."

"Madam," replied Rubens, "my present object is not to enter complaints, but to inform you that, with proper culture, your son will become one of the first painters of the age: the manner in which he repaired the accident is a sufficient proof."

The delight of the mother may be imagined. But Rubens's generosity did not stop here: he employed Vandyke in finishing several of his pieces; and, when he considered him sufficiently educated to improve by travel, sent him to his own school of instruction, Venice, presenting him with a fine dapple-grey horse and a purse of pistoles.

When Rubens had executed the commission given him by Mary de Medici, wife of Henry IV, he repaired to Paris, to arrange his pictures at the Luxembourg Palace, and there painted two more, and likewise the galleries, representing passages of her life.

Here he became acquainted with the Duke of Buckingham, as that nobleman was on his way to Madrid with Prince Charles. On his return to Antwerp, he was summoned to the presence of the Infanta Isabella, who had, through Buckingham, become interested in his character. She thought him worthy of a political mission to the court of Madrid, where he was most graciously received by Philip.

While at Madrid, he painted four pictures for the convent of the Carmelites, and a fine portrait of the king on horseback, with many other pictures; for these extraordinary productions he was richly rewarded, received the honour of knighthood, and was presented with the golden key.

While at Spain, Don John, Duke of Braganza, who was afterwards King of Portugal, sent and invited him to visit him at *Villa Vitiosa*, the place of his residence. Rubens, perhaps, might at this time have been a little dazzled with his uncommon elevation. He was now *Sir Paul*, and celebrated all over Europe. It was proper he should make the visit as one person of high rank visits another. His preparations were great to appear in a becoming style, and not to shame his noble host. At length the morning arrived, and, attended by a numerous train of courteous friends and hired attendants, the long cavalcade began the journey. When not far distant from Villa Vitiosa, Rubens learned that Don John had sent an embassy

to meet him. Such an honour had seldom been accorded to a private gentleman, and Rubens schooled himself to receive it with suitable humility and becoming dignity.

He put up at a little distance from Villa Vitiosa, waiting the arrival of the embassy; finally, it came, in the form of a single gentleman, who civilly told him that the Duke, his master, had been obliged to leave home on business that could not be dispensed with, and therefore must deny himself the pleasure of the visit; but as he had probably been at some expense in coming so far, he begged him to accept of fifty pistoles as a remuneration.

Rubens refused the pistoles, and could not forbear adding that he had "brought two thousand along with him, which he had meant to spend at his court, during the fifteen days he was to abide there."

The truth was, that when Don John was informed that Rubens was coming in the style of a prince to see him, it was wholly foreign to his plan: he was a great lover of painting, and had wished to see him as an artist. He therefore determined to prevent the visit.

The second marriage of Rubens, with Helena Forman, was, no less than the first, one of affection; she had great beauty and became a model for his pencil.

The Infanta Isabella was so much satisfied with his mission in Spain, that she sent him to England, to sound the disposition of the government on the subject of a peace.

Rubens disclosed in this embassy his diplomatic talents; he first appeared there in his character of artist, and insensibly won upon the confidence of Charles. The King requested him to paint the ceiling of the banqueting-house at Whitehall. While he was employed upon it, Charles frequently visited him, and criticised the work. Rubens very naturally introducing the subject, and finding, from the tenor of his conversation, that he was by no means averse to a peace with Spain,

at length produced his credentials. The King received his mission most graciously, and Rubens returned to the Netherlands crowned with honours and success.

He had passed his fiftieth year, when his health began to fail, and he was attacked with a severe fit of the gout. Those who have witnessed the irritation attendant upon that disorder, will appreciate the perfect harmony and gentleness that existed between Rubens and his wife. With untiring tenderness she devoted herself to him, and was ingenious in devising alleviations and comforts. "I have a picture to show you," said she one day, "when you can bear the light, and feel disposed to see it. I will also introduce the artist to you."

It was several days before Rubens asked to see the painting; at length he reminded his wife of her promise. She produced it. It was an exquisite portrait of herself.

"Excellent! most excellent!" exclaimed the husband.

Helen opened the door, and in a moment Vandyke, his early pupil, was by his side.

"Ah!" exclaimed Rubens, "I need not ask who was the artist; Vandyke alone could produce such a portrait. Dost thou not remember when I first advised thee to adhere to portrait painting, some of thy friends accused me of envy, and a desire to narrow thy walk? But I foresaw that in that thou wouldst excel all others."

Vandyke remained but a short time at Antwerp; he went to France by the invitation of Richelieu, and thence to England. His success in portrait-painting secured him wealth and fame. King Charles sat to him repeatedly, had him lodged at Blackfriars at the royal charge, and conferred on him the honour of knighthood, and an annuity for life.

He wrought only for the higher classes, as his prices at that time were beyond those of other artists.

There are some singular points of resemblance in the lives of Rubens and of Vandyke. Both pursued much the same

course of instruction—both were knighted as the reward of genius—and both were doomed to suffer under that scourge of luxury, *the gout*. Vandyke, like Rubens, was solicited by visionaries to join in the search for the philosopher's stone; but, unlike his master, he could not resist the temptation, and much of his well earned wealth was sacrificed in the fruitless pursuit.

Vandyke did not marry till late in life: his wife was Maria Ruthven. Soon after his marriage, he went again to France, hoping to be employed in the gallery of the Louvre; but here he found the commission had been given to Poussin. The two artists met amicably. "I have come too late," said Vandyke. "Would you had come sooner!" replied Poussin; "I am not made to contend with the mediocrity of Voiret's genius, nor with the hurry and bustle of Paris: I pine for the solitude of the country, for the vine covered hills of the Campagna of Rome; and would rather return to my humble home in Normandy, where I was born, than live in the noise and tumult of this city."

Poussin proved the sincerity of this assertion by finally quitting France and returning to Italy.

Once more Vandyke repaired to England, and engaged in painting portraits with renewed zeal; but he no longer sought fame, but money; and the rapidity with which he dismissed them from his easel, was unfavourable to their excellence. His wife brought him beauty and rank, but no wealth; and he often said, "Formerly I painted for a future life, now I paint for the present."

A friend found fault with a certain head he had been executing, and said it was unworthy of his high reputation.

"True," replied Vandyke, "but I paint now for my kitchen."

Letters occasionally passed between Rubens and Vandyke; the former never lost the affectionate interest he had early

taken in his pupil; and hearing that he had engaged in the idle pursuit of the philosopher's stone, he wrote to him on the subject, and at last convinced him of his folly.

The severe attacks of Rubens's disorder debilitated his frame, yet he continued painting at his easel almost to the last; and, amidst suffering and sickness, never failed in giving the energy of intellect to his pictures. He died at the age of sixty-three, in the year 1640, leaving great wealth. The pomp and circumstance of funeral rites can only be of consequence, as showing the estimation in which a departed citizen is held. Public funeral honours were awarded, and men of every rank were eager to manifest their respect to his memory. He was buried in the Church of St. James, at Antwerp, under the altar of his private chapel, which was decorated with one of his own noble pictures.*

Vandyke was in England at the time of Rubens's death, and heard of it with the deepest emotion of sorrow. Though frequently solicited to visit France, he uniformly refused. His marriage with the daughter of the Earl of Gowry, by making him the associate of nobles, led him to emulate their style of living, and assume a stateliness of manner, far less becoming than his naturally courteous and well-bred deportment. He kept a splendid table, numerous servants, and an elegant equipage. As he was not successful in his search for the philosopher's stone, this extravagant and ostentatious manner of living frequently occasioned embarrassment in his affairs; whenever this occurred, he applied himself closely to his easel, which, like Rubens, he found was the most effectual method of making gold. It may seem strange that a man so accomplished, and so well acquainted with the world as Vandyke, could be drawn into the visionary schemes of needy adven-

* In Cologne, near St. Peter's Church, the house is standing, in which the parents of Rubens dwelt when they fled from Antwerp during the war. In this house the artist was born.

turers; but it was one of the follies of the day. Cowley, then a modern poet, thus alludes to it, in his ode "On the reign of our gracious King Charles."

"Where, dreaming chemics! is your pain and cost?
How is your oil, how is your labour lost!
Our Charles, blest alchemist! though strange,
Believe it, ye in future times, did change
The iron age of old
Into an age of gold."

Vandyke's portraits were so highly prized as to command almost any sum. But the one most valued by himself, was a full length portrait of Rubens, dressed in black. The scholar has happily given the character of the master in this splendid picture—a character which, unlike Vandyke's, had no dark spot. Though transplanted from the shades of private life to the courts of kings, and the palaces of princes, he still retained his independence, sincerity, and benevolence. "More than once," said Vandyke, "he has been my guardian angel." The high conceptions of his excellence inspired the pupil's pencil.

One of Vandyke's most celebrated pictures was painted at the request of a fair one, whose charms enthralled him on his first leaving his native country. He saw her, dressed in the costume of a village maiden at Savelthem, and, instead of proceeding, as Rubens had advised him, immediately to Italy, remained there several months.

The subject suggested was St. Martin dividing his cloak with the beggar. "The youth," she said, "was the son of a military tribune, and compelled by his father to bear arms, notwithstanding his great repugnance to a martial life—his early habits being those of seclusion, meditation, and almsgiving, his food and garments being frequently shared with the hungry and the naked. To set himself in opposition to his father's commands, was violating a duty; to go forth as a warrior, violating his own principles: what could he do? Just what he did: he persecuted his patron saint, day and

night, for counsel and direction; but no aid could he obtain. The saint did not seem inclined to raise a finger in his behalf, and as the father insisted, Martin yielded, and, at the age of seventeen, clad in glittering armour, his helmet loaded with waving plumes, his cloak thrown over his shoulders, mounted the noble charger provided for him, and proceeded to the gate of Amiens. There he met several half-naked, miserable beggars. Poor Martin was wholly overcome by compassion, and immediately threw half of his cloak over the most destitute of them. Good deeds are seldom so promptly rewarded as in the present instance. The beggar turned out to be the patron saint himself, who so moved the heart of the father, as to induce him to relinquish the warlike education of his son, and in a few days he permitted him to be baptised as St. Martin, giving him the liberty of devoting his whole life to fasting and penance."

Vandyke's imagination kindled as he heard the story from ruby lips, and he immediately set about the picture. To add to the value of the donation, he drew the saint from his own likeness, and his horse from the one presented to him by Rubens.

But while he was residing at the village of Savelthem, where was the education his noble friend had planned for him? He was at length roused from his lethargy by a letter from Rubens, imploring him to break from the fascination which held him, and proceed to Venice. Well might he call him his guardian angel!

The love which Charles possessed for the fine arts was a redeeming part of his character. He had a great desire that Vandyke should enrich the country with his paintings; and set an example to his subjects by liberally rewarding him; the order of knighthood had been conferred upon him, and king and nobles united in paying him honour.

Henrietta, the wife of Charles, sat to him for her portrait. She possessed but little beauty of face, but her hands were

remarkably handsome; and she observed to him that he paid uncommon attention to them, and neglected her face. It was an embarrassing accusation. But he readily replied, "Ah, madam, it is from those beautiful hands I am to receive my recompense."

He went to Antwerp to introduce his wife to his friends, and, shortly after their return, they were blest with the birth of a daughter: but his joy was of short continuance; he was attacked by a complication of disorders, and his death seemed inevitable. The king expressed the utmost sympathy for his melancholy situation, and offered a reward of three hundred guineas to his physician, if he should preserve the life of the artist; but he was beyond the reach of medicine, and died in 1641, at the age of forty-two—just one year after the death of Rubens.

Though born in Antwerp, he is usually ranked among the English artists. England encouraged, rewarded, and honoured him. He was buried in St. Paul's cathedral, and an epitaph inscribed on his monument, written by Cowley: this was destroyed with the church, in the conflagration of 1666.

CLAUDE GELÉE.

Among all the celebrated artists in Lorraine, no one could compare with Pierre Veroni. Tradition has has not brought down to us actual sketches of his Grecian Temples, his Chinese Pagodas, his peerless Madonnas, his Angels with new fledged wings. But what need we of tradition, when the spirit, the promethean fire, has been transmitted from age to age? How many useful inventions have been lost, while his still flourish? It is much to be regretted that no specimens of his sculpture have been preserved. The imitations of the present day are no doubt far inferior to the original; but, alas, like all human inventions, they have crumbled into dust. Certain it is, that in the sixteenth century, not an entertainment could be given in Lorraine without the aid of Pierre; his pyramids were the ornaments of rich and costly tables, and rose high in the centre, amidst golden Etruscan vases, and urns studded with precious stones, and sparkling with wine, that might have rivalled that which was enriched with the pearl of Cleopatra. The simple and beautiful ornaments of Pierre were always the principal objects of attention. We speak not of their intrinsic value, because history on this subject is silent, and we wish scrupulously to observe the historical rules. It is evident, however, that they possessed a value beyond mere appearance.

Homer, in his Iliad, has given earthly immortality to Dædalus by the mere record of his name; though Pausanias

asserts that his sculpture was rude and uncomely. Pierre was not fortunate enough to find a Homer, and therefore his name lives only in these humble records. This may not be thought so wonderful, when it is considered that, after all, our celebrated artist, to whom luxury paid daily homage—to whose piazza, with its colonnades and fountains, age and youth resorted, to gaze on the beautiful landscape around, with its golden clouds, its shadowy tints, and far-famed aërial softness —that after all, Pierre Veroni, who, as his name indicates, united Gallic luxury with Italian refinement, must be handed down to posterity, not as Pierre le Grand, but *Pierre the Pastry-cook*. Assuredly he was the most distinguished in his profession, and we think it would not be difficult to prove that he was the original inventor of those luxuries which have blessed even our new world. For instance, the *paté de foie gras*, which so ingeniously brings the barbarity of the early ages to aid and cultivate the taste of the modern—the original paté d'Ortolans, of which some hero of romance exclaims, "Let me die eating Ortolans!"—the paté à la Périgord, and even the celebrated Charlotte Russe,—we believe, might be traced to our master of the art. Upon the excellence and variety of his Beignets we have not time to enlarge; nor is it necessary. We will only add, enough has come down to us to prove that Pierre's philosophy taught him, "his dishes were nothing, unless tasted in the moment of projection," and that "a soup was spoiled if done a bubble too much."

Pierre was one evening seated in his piazza, enjoying the coolness of the western breeze, when a pale, emaciated man entered, leading a boy by the hand. He approached the mighty master with a low bow, expressive of his high respect. Nothing could afford a greater contrast than the two. Pierre was magnificent in his size, and gave evidence that his inventions had benefited himself more than others. He sat in his well-cushioned bergère, his brocaded robe de chambre carelessly thrown back, his snowy vest confined by one pearl but-

ton, and his good-humoured florid face gently turned upward to enjoy the cool.

"Most noble master Pierre," said the thin man, with a trembling voice, "I have come to solicit your favour. I have three sons, who are apprenticed to different trades, but I have no way of providing for the youngest, that I lead by the hand. We are suffering from famine! mighty Pierre, take my poor boy into your service—listen to my petition, and the gratitude of a family will be your reward."

The gastronomic hero was propitiated by this humble address; he received it graciously, and consented to initiate the boy into the mysteries of his art.

From this time young Gelée became his pupil; but Pierre found that he had made a promise he could not perform; there was no initiating the boy. It soon became evident that the whole science of pastry united with confectionery revolved before him without awakening the slightest emotion; tarts, and cream-cakes, so attractive to youth, even in our intellectual times, he regarded with indifference. Poor Gelée! his master was fully convinced that he was *moon-struck*, and he dated the time from an eventful evening, on which he was ordered to carry a perigord pie to a grand entertainment; on which occasion both Gelée and the pie were missing; and after a long search he was found, seated on the pastry, gazing at the clouds as they passed over the moon, and watching its light reflected in the water.

All this the good-natured Pierre forgave, and worried along with him for two whole years; at the end of which time he summoned the old Gelée, and mildly told him that it was not possible for his son to learn his art—at the same time advising the father not to be discouraged, since he might answer very well for one of the *learned professions*, though he had not the talents requisite for becoming a pastry-cook.

The father had no means of promoting his son to any profession, and poor little Gelée was bound out as a "hewer of

wood and drawer of water," for another year. But his delicate health rendered him unfit for such hard service; and as some of his young companions were going to Rome, he obtained his father's permission to accompany them, and once more seek employment in the gastronomic art.

The father returned him a few of the pence he had so hardly earned, gave him much advice, a fervent blessing, and he took his leave.

We pass over the weary *foot-travel*, weary to most people though not to him, in which his very soul seemed to have burst from bondage, and he could now gaze to his heart's content, without defrauding any task-master. He watched the vine-coloured hills till they faded in the distance; for the first time he felt the value of existence, and an indistinct perception that it was happiness *to be*.

When he arrived at Rome, he seemed like one paralyzed; instead of applying to some distinguished pastry-cook, as he was well entitled to do, having been taught by the celebrated Master Pierri Veroni, he took his seat regularly every morning on one of the fallen monuments of antiquity, and apparently forgot himself to stone. When actually oppressed by hunger, he swallowed a handful of macaroni from the nearest vender. At length his pence were all gone, and he began to awake from this dreamy state of existence. He then applied to several pastry-cooks for employment; but Gelée had never cultivated the graces—he was awkward in his manners, and could speak only his own provincial language, all unlike the sweet idiom of the Italians. History tells us that "he wandered from door to door, and no one would employ him; and, notwithstanding his practical knowledge of baking pies, he was in danger of starvation." At length he was reduced to actual famine, and the very sources of life seemed to be drying up, for want of nourishment. He seated himself on the door-steps of an obscure house, and, overcome by the sense of misery, burst into tears.

"To what purpose," exclaimed he, "was I born? the world is fair and beautiful; it is made of noble materials; what could be more lovely than my own Lorraine when the setting sun shone on my native hills? Then came the beautiful repose of nature—then the landscape slept, and the spirit of the Creator overshadowed all—sky, water, and green fields, melted into each other, and became blended together by imperceptible gradations—all seemed enveloped in the shadowy mantle of universal love. Yet I, who could gaze on these scenes with the consciousness of my own existence, I alone am an outcast! I, who feel that I have something within me beyond all this, that I am connected, by mysterious ties, with universal being! Is it, that when I die, I am to be dissolved into these beautiful elements, and become a part of them? No, this cannot be; for then I should lose my very consciousness, and I might as well have been created in the first place a tree or a stone. There is something in my nature yet unrevealed to me, something I have not yet attained. Perhaps it is only after death that my faculties are to unfold. Yes, it must be so; for this world is not my home, I was not made for it. Father in heaven, take me to thyself!"

"Who is it that speaks so mournfully?" said a soft silver voice, from behind a lattice near him.

He started—the language was that of his own native province. "Wait yet a little," continued the voice, "and my good uncle Agostino will come to thee."

In a few moments a venerable man stood before him. "Tell me thy distress, poor youth," said he, speaking in Gelée's native tongue.

For the first time since he had entered the immortal city, he could pour forth his sorrows and be understood. What a tide of strong emotion came rushing upon his heart, as he told his simple tale.

Agostino listened with benevolent sympathy.

"Our blessed lady, the gracious mother of the afflicted,"

said he, "has directed thee to my door. I am in want of a domestic; thou shalt assist my niece in her household occupations, in preparing our daily meals, and at other times I will employ thee to grind my paints and clean my pallet and pencils."

Most thankfully did Gelée enter upon his new office. From this time he was one of the household.

Was it the voice, the speaking glance of Agostino's niece, the gentle Calista, that first awoke the germ of genius in the mind of the youth? Was it not there from infancy, fostered by that divine love which shed such resplendent beauty among his native hills? Does not the Creator watch over the noblest part of his works, the thinking reasoning mind? The young Gelée had been gradually conducted to this period; suffering and solitude had been agents in the mighty process; even abstinence had sharpened his spiritual perceptions, and now the spark of intellect burst into a flame. He performed cheerfully the menial labours assigned him; but sometimes, when it became his duty to clean his master's pallet and brushes, he entreated that he might use them. The good Agostino smilingly assented, and furnished him with implements; he was pleased to see that his beloved art could awaken sympathy even in Claude Gelée.

Agostino Trasso had received orders from the Duke of Lorraine to furnish him with two paintings for his gallery. The artist rather affected the style of Michael Angelo; but what was grand and sublime in that mighty master, became stiff and cold in the hands of Agostino. One picture, however, was completed and sent to his patron, who returned a liberal recompense.

In the mean time the young Gelée continued secretly at work. Calista was his only confidant, and she assumed most willingly a double portion of household labours, that her companion might drink at the fountain of delight which had so lately opened to him. At length his picture was completed,

and, after placing it in a favourable light, and shading it with the mantilla of Calista, who assisted in the arrangement, Agostino was invited to view it.

What was the astonishment of the artist! he almost doubted whether it was a representation on canvass, or whether nature had started forth, living and breathing. Could this be the work of his household servant, or had some mighty magician touched the canvass with his wand?

Great as was Gelée's triumph, Calista's was still more exquisite; her heart swelled almost to bursting, when she perceived the effect the picture produced upon her uncle; her eyes were suffused with tears, her cheeks tinged with the roseate hue of morning, a radiant smile played round her mouth, while her lips, gently parted, seemed about to pour forth the language of inspiration.

Once more Claude seized the pencil. A sketch was completed; but it never was exhibited—it became the companion of his solitary hours. It hung opposite his couch, in the little attic; the beautiful eyes looking down upon him, the head inclined forward, supported by its swan-like neck. Morning, noon and evening it looked upon him, the image mingled with his matin hymn and vesper song. Is it wonderful that it became the object of his worship, the Madonna of his religion?

Agostino felt the beauty of Gelée's landscape. With the permission of the youth, he sent it to the Duke of Lorraine, as the production of a self-taught artist. The astonishment of the trio was great when a recompense was received far exceeding the amount which Agostino had received, and also orders for a second painting.

Claude was no longer to continue the household servant of Agostino. Another was procured to supply his place, and his whole time devoted to the pencil.

His master, with an honourable generosity, endeavoured to teach him the rules of perspective; but he was an impatient

pupil. His was a beauty which he perceived and painted intuitively.

So wholly was Claude occupied that he seemed to live in a region of his own. His labour in completing the second landscape, entirely engrossed him. Content with the secret worship of his Madonna, he scarcely appeared to note its living representative, otherwise he would have perceived that the cheek of Calista had lost its bloom—that the sparkling animation of her eye had melted into the lustrous softness of his own native sky—that the form so round and graceful, was loosing its waving outline—that the voice which fell on his ear in strains of melody when he first threw himself at the threshold, was now faint and broken, and scarcely exceeded a whisper. All this was unheeded by the artist; he was now studying to blend the bright sunny skies of Italy, his adopted home, with the softness that first impressed his youthful imagination, and to throw that aërial veil over the whole which gives a mysterious meaning to inanimate objects.

Sometimes Agostino urged him to introduce groups of peasants into the front ground; but he submitted unwillingly, and they did not partake of the inspiration of his pencil. "Man," he exclaimed, "has made himself inferior to the glorious world he inhabits; his presence destroys the harmony of the scene." One figure, however, was introduced —a fair girl, with her white veil thrown back from her head, and her golden locks sporting upon her neck, as they were moved by the passing breeze. She stood on a gentle eminence, the soft effulgence of the setting sun casting a halo around her head. Agostino recognized it at once, as the figure of his own niece, his "little Calista," as he always called her.

"It was an excellent likeness *once*," said he, with a deep sigh.

"Yes," said the youth, blushing; "but it wants her mind to animate the form. Still, however, it is in keeping with the

picture; it has the same perfection that belongs to the inanimate creation. I have looked at it, till it seemed to me to move. See," continued he, "the foot is a little advanced; does it not give an idea of her light step, which scarcely seems to bend the flowers upon which she treads? Then observe the quick and animated turn of her head: we need not look into the face, to read the beauty of the soul."

"Alas!" said Agostino, "such things *were;* but the remembrance of them comes over me like the strains of the Æolian harp, mournful and low."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Claude, throwing down his brush. The deepest anguish was expressed in Agostino's countenance, as he replied, "I must part from her; she is fast fleeting to the world of spirits; in a few mouths I shall be alone!"

"Holy Virgin!" exclaimed the youth, "can this be true?"

"Too true," replied Agostino; "her doom is pronounced by the most experienced in the healing art. The physicians say she can continue but a few weeks longer."

"And you have kept it a secret from me?"

"You were too much engrossed by your pencil," replied Agostino, "to think of my poor girl. Ah!" continued he, with a melancholy smile, "it was once so with me. Painting is a more tyrannical mistress than Music; for she will have the whole heart, but her tuneful sister derives part of her charm from answering cadences."

"Can it be," said Claude, "that I have been thus insensible, thus selfishly engrossed? Let me fly to her. Where may I find her?"

"She wanders among the fir trees, in the little grove behind the house."

Claude hastened to the spot: he saw her at a distance. Her veil was thrown back, her step feeble and slow: even then, he thought of his art; there was something in her sha-

dowy form so like his own ideal, that he hesitated to destroy the illusion by approaching too near. It was only for a moment, and then he was by her side.

She smiled, and extended her hand. "Have you come to me at last?" she exclaimed.

"Calista!" said the painter, casting himself at her feet, "yes, thou art she whom I have so long secretly worshipped."

Faint and exhausted, she sank upon the bank; the youth knelt by her side; for the first time their hearts communed. Calista learned how deeply she had been beloved, that while she looked upon the menial of her uncle as too bright a star for her own orbit, he had not dared to lift his eyes to a being so radiant with beauty and goodness.

"These are precious moments," exclaimed the maiden, "but they are fleeting. I am called hence; I must away."

"Live for me, my own Calista," exclaimed Claude, "thou hast been my animating genius; live to lead me to immortality, to an undying name."

"That may not be," replied the maiden; "thy own genius will obtain for thee an undying name; but a far more glorious immortality awaits thee."

Other landscapes were completed, and recompense returned far beyond expectation. Claude was now no longer unknown: he was distinguished by Kings and Princes; and when he was called the Italian artist, his native province asserted its prior claims.

Who has ever seen an original of this painter, without feeling that he possessed a power which belongs to no other? There is a depth in his skies, which leads the mind far beyond the surface; you look through the mysterious veil behind the golden clouds, into the very heaven of heavens.

Where was the stupid apprentice of the pastry cook? Is it indeed true, as has been suggested, that his faculties were obtuse on every subject but those of his art? Who that has

any comprehension of what the divine art is, will believe this? The observation might apply to a mere copyist; but he to whose pencil taste and imagination bring their tributary stores,—he who can give life and sentiment to canvass,—can he be void of every other talent?

The image of Calista had been not only his beau ideal, but incorporated with his religious worship of the blessed Virgin. It had filled and satisfied his heart: he had never thought it possible he could awaken in her emotions corresponding to his own; she was the beloved niece of his master, and he but a menial. Now, however, the veil was removed, and he found himself the first object of her affection. Happy Claude! what hast thou more to desire? Love, fortune, and genius smile upon thee; yet who so sad, so heart-broken? Happiness is not made for this world. Every day Calista grew weaker, her voice fainter and fainter; she resembled the light of his own pictures, fading insensibly away into heaven.

Italy has always been celebrated for its beautiful twilights; it was on one of those lovely evenings, tinged with glory, when the valley was already sleeping in darkness, while every hill, tower, and tree, was illumined with golden light, that Calista expressed a wish to see a landscape Claude had nearly completed. He conducted her to the room he had hired for his occupation, which was but a short distance from the dwelling. It was part of a ruin on Monte Pincio, mantled with evergreen. Through its dilapidated wall the last rays of the setting sun entered aslant, and gave to the picture an extraordinary brilliancy; it was precisely the light which was meant to be represented. Calista gazed with enthusiasm, her whole figure became animated, and she looked like a being of heaven rather than earth. "My friend," said she, holding up her hand which the brighter light rendered almost transparent, "I read in thy picture thy *immortality*, but not the immortality for which thou art sighing; the time will come, when the works of genius shall crumble, and the artist be forgotten; but the

spirit which executed them will live for ever." As she spoke, her head sunk upon her bosom; several moments passed before he perceived that her breath had fled, and that he was supporting a lifeless form. "Yes," he exclaimed, "the spirit will live for ever!"

Claude Gelée was born in 1600, and died in 1668. The remainder of his life was spent much in solitary devotion to his art. In this he was laborious, frequently repeating the same subject. The prediction of Calista is partly accomplished. Many of his works are decayed; a few yet remain. Agostino Trasso is only remembered as connected with his illustrious pupil, while the name of the scholar is still familiar, not as Claude Gelée, but claimed by his native province as *Claude Lorraine*.

Woodfall and Kinder, Printers, Angel Court, Skinner Street, London.

